

IMPORTANT TO BRIDGE PLAYERS. See page 10.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 10.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1903.

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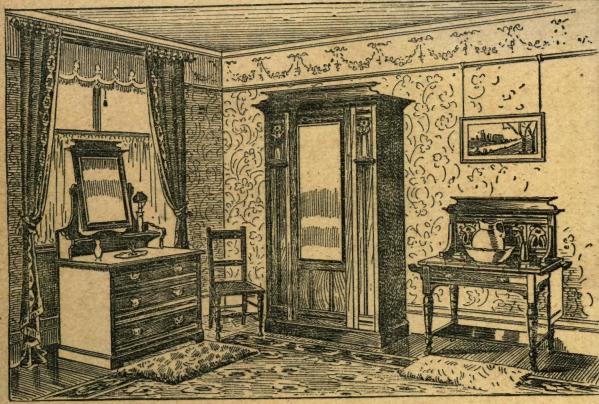
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(NAME THIS PAPER.)

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Triscuit are made in the wonderful Laboratory of the Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, U.S.A. They supply the all-round needs of the human body. They require chewing, which brings saliva. They are composed of porous shreds of whole wheat, and are free from all the bad qualities of flour, grease, and chemicals like other biscuits, wafers, and bread, but are simply WHOLE SHREDDED WHEAT, baked by electricity. In eating them one lives "naturally" and corrects by nature the common ills of diet.

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ORDER OF YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

SAMPLES FREE.

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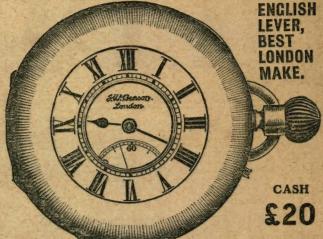
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SIXTY MILLIONS

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Very cloudy and mild; unsettled; misty rain now and again.
Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.15.
SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel, smooth to moderate; North Sea, smooth; Irish Channel, moderate to rough.

316th Day of Year.

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1903.

49 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Librality.

It is doubtless ill-mannered to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but the news that the Countess of WARWICK yesterday opened at Grays a new library, to which Mr. CARNEGIE contributed £3,000, moves us to deep reflection.

Another library! Even now the greater part of the English-speaking world is groaning under the heavy visitation of Mr. CARNEGIE's generosity. Generosity it is, both in will and deed; and no one can for a moment doubt Mr. CARNEGIE's sincerity and anxiety to benefit his fellows. But the generosity of what an overwhelming kind! What a nightmare this is, of avalanches of books unceasingly descending upon the unhappy Anglo-Saxon population. Mr. CARNEGIE's passion for munificence seems to have taken the form of a resolve that no country shall be spared and no citizen escape its ponderous benefits. From Winnipeg to Saratoga, from Aberdeen to Havana, from Nashville to Limerick, from Alleghany to the Hague, Mr. CARNEGIE's libraries have been sedulously established; the United States have been raked from end to end by his heavy artillery, and the British Isles themselves incredibly endowed with libraries. Among the six or seven hundred towns embarrassed with these generosities, Q and Z are the only letters in the alphabet which are not represented; Mr. CARNEGIE even discovered a place called Xenia in Ohio, upon which he triumphantly bestowed 20,000 dollars. So that within the roar of the Pacific and the North Sea, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, in Schenectady, in Wilkinsburg, in Alleghany, and Oil City, backs are being rounded and chests narrowed over the desks whereon is spread the banquet of Mr. CARNEGIE's appalling munificence.

Such is the energy and determination with which this kind-hearted gentleman prosecutes his campaign, that there will soon be no place in the world where one will be safe from it. Innocent villages, where no one ever thought of books or libraries, have suddenly been attacked; have fallen without striking a blow for freedom, and have found themselves equipped with a library before they had realised that they were even in danger. The island of Barbadoes, for example, had hitherto been regarded as quite a safe place, and it was thought that, by lying low and avoiding demonstrations which might draw attention to it, it might pass unnoticed in the sweep of Mr. CARNEGIE's eye across the map of the unlettered world. It was only a few days ago that the blow fell, quite suddenly and unexpectedly; Barbadoes has accepted a library.

It may be taken as an axiom that any one of us could spend a man's money for him better than he can spend it himself. The case of Mr. CARNEGIE affords a striking instance of this great truth. The fifty millions which he has expended with so much generosity and so little imagination might have established Rowton houses all over the world, or maintained in comfort and dignity all those inspired authors who cannot now sell their books because there are so many libraries. But whatever be the alternative, we can only implore the philanthropist to hold his hand. Surely he has accomplished enough; surely he will relent before a great cry goes up from the whole of the English-speaking world praying him to abate his benefits. Already (it is said) the sun never sets on the CARNEGIE libraries—a staggering thought. Dare we suggest it as a possible explanation of the recent distressing behaviour of the sun? We state so alarming a proposition with the utmost confidence; but it may possibly serve, if all terrestrial argument is in vain, to win for his fellow-creatures Mr. CARNEGIE's mercy and pity.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

HOME.

No Court Circular was issued last night.

King's College Hospital is to be removed from Lincoln's Inn to a site near Camberwell Green.

Of 12,735 alien immigrants who arrived in England during October, nearly half took up presumably permanent quarters in this country.

Lord Goschen was yesterday installed as Chancellor of Oxford University. The ceremony took place at Seacox Heath, Hawkurst, his lordship's residence.

In reply to their men's demands, the London Cab Proprietors state that it is impossible to reduce the average price of cabs to less than 12s. 3d. a day without detriment to the public.

The altogether unusual number of five vessels, four British and one Norwegian, were posted last night at Lloyd's as missing. They involve a loss of nearly 100 lives.

It is stated that an American syndicate is to be formed, with a capital of some £3,000,000, to purchase a large number of Aberdeen trawlers for the transport of white fish to America.

Christmas toys, made in Germany, are made in England in vast numbers. The value of these goods exported from Germany has increased in three years by £620,000.

The novel sight of 110 prominent townspeople marching through the streets of Reading to the police court holding passive resistance summonses in their hands was witnessed yesterday.

The condition of Miss Ada Reeve, who is lying ill with typhoid fever at Brighton, still causes grave anxiety to her friends.

Mr. Justice Kekewich to-day completes his seventeenth year on the Bench. He qualified by service for a retiring pension two years ago.

To acquire pictures and works of art for our national collections, which are handicapped by small official grants, is the object of the Art Collections Fund inaugurated yesterday.

COLONIAL.

Preferential tariff proposals on the lines adopted by Canada will shortly be introduced in the New Zealand Parliament by Mr. Seddon.

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, having concluded his tour of the Sikh States, Patiala, Nabha, and Sind, proceeds to-day to Bahawalpur to instal the chief.

Sir George Clarke, Governor of Victoria, and the military member of the new War Office Committee, will be entertained at dinner by the members of the Victorian Legislature on November 19.

Of seven natives charged with the murder of a Boer farmer at Zeerust during the war, four have just been sentenced to death.

Sir H. McCallum, Governor of Natal, yesterday presented medals to 100 men of the town guard who took part in the defence of Ladysmith.

FOREIGN.

The Kaiser continues to make steady progress towards recovery.

Two doctors and an artist, after a special examination of the child, have decided that the "little Count" who has figured so prominently in the Berlin society case bears no physical resemblance to his reputed father, Count Wileckie.

Warmbad, the scene of the recent massacres by Damaraland natives, has been reoccupied by the Germans.

The Paris "Gil Blas" states that a theatrical feminine combination is about to be formed between Mimes, Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, and Calvó to take over a theatre in Paris for themselves.

Worried because her husband was in a consumption sanatorium, a Berlin mother yesterday hanged her three little sons and afterwards gave herself up to the police.

With the assistance of all the Italian blue-jackets at hand, a fire, which broke out on board the British steamer *Serapis* was extinguished yesterday morning at Naples.

Orders have been sent to the United States naval commanders at the Isthmus to use only moral suasion to induce Colombian troops not to start for Panama.

Colombia has released the British steamers detained at Buenaventura to transport troops to the Isthmus of Panama and the vessels have left.

Sir Mortimer Durand, the new British Ambassador to the United States, and Lady Durand have arrived in London from Madrid, en route for Washington.

Arrangements are being made for the visit of a number of M.P.'s to the St. Louis Exhibition next year.

A protectionist movement has been started in Holland, where an anti-Free Trade已久 has also made its appearance.

Señor Salmeron, the Spanish Republican leader, having challenged Señor Villaverde to fight a duel, has been informed that the duel cannot take place so long as the latter is Minister.

In Santo Domingo the revolutionists threaten to bombard the capital unless the Government capitulates.

For atrocities committed in the Adrianople vilayet 705 Turkish soldiers out of a regiment of 750 men have been banished to Arabia.

Numerous messages by wireless telegraphy are said to have been successfully received and despatched on board a moving train in Bohemia.

Four thousand miners employed by the Rio Tinto Company have gone out on strike, states a telegram from Huelva. Disturbances are feared.

The Danish Minister of the Interior introduced a Bill yesterday in the Folketing granting the franchise for communal elections to all men and women paying taxes. At present there is no franchise for women.

SOCIAL.

The King and Queen of Italy will leave Pisa for England at half-past five on Sunday morning next. Their Majesties will land at Portsmouth about 10.45 a.m. on Tuesday, reaching Windsor at 3.30 p.m.

Lord Lansdowne is indisposed with sciatica.

Lady Warwick opened the new Carnegie Library at Grays, Essex, yesterday.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, junior, has taken the lease of an estate in Hertfordshire for his own use.

Mr. Henry Lucy, "Toby, M.P.," of "Punch," lunched with President Roosevelt yesterday at the White House.

Full details of the *Daily Mirror's* Bridge Tournament will be found on Page 10. The competition is open to both beginners and experts. Over £100 is offered in cash prizes.

POLITICAL.

Mr. Balfour has summoned a meeting of the Cabinet for Monday afternoon at the Foreign Office.

No hostile demonstrations took place in connection with the Free Food meeting addressed by Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil last night at Birmingham.

Speaking at Bristol last night Mr. Walter Long said there was no reason to believe an immediate dissolution was pending. He deferred expressing an opinion on the proposed fiscal changes pending the speech to be made by the Premier to-morrow.

At Lynn last night Mr. Gibson Bowles announced himself a supporter of Mr. Balfour and an opponent of Mr. Chamberlain.

LAW COURTS.

Evidence for the defence was heard yesterday by Mr. Justice Darling in the libel action brought by Mr. J. Meiklejohn, a former Scotland Yard detective, against Major Arthur Griffiths and Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Two petitioning husbands were awarded £100 damages each yesterday in the Divorce Court.

Allegations of cruelty in vivisection experiments at University College formed the basis of an action for damages for libel and slander brought by Professor Bayliss against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge yesterday.

After an astonishing career as an expert Bond-street shoplifter, Lillie Miers, a young and pretty woman, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment yesterday at Clerkenwell.

Damages amounting to £300 against a Hair Association were awarded to a lady at Oldham yesterday who had had her right leg burned, nurses applying excessive hot-water bottles to the limb.

For applying Messrs. Bass's label to a bottle not containing their beer, and for selling the same as theirs, Edward Sweeny, a Dublin publican, was fined £40, with twenty guineas costs, yesterday.

THE £100,000 WEDDING.

MOST COSTLY ON RECORD IN AMERICA.

MRS. GOELET'S PRESENT VALUED AT £500,000.

BRIDESMAIDS WHOSE FORTUNES REACHED £18,000,000.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Wednesday.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh reached the residence of the bride's parents, Ochre Court, at Newport, last night, heartily glad to have escaped from the New York mob. There probably never was a wedding here which gave the police so much trouble as the event of yesterday.

Of thousands of curiosity-stricken persons who besieged St. Thomas's Church, and fairly mobbed the bride's carriage, nearly all were women. Several women tried to see the wedding by crawling into the coalellar of the church, but the police caught and ejected them. Many women contrived to gain admission into the galleries of the church several hours before the ceremony commenced and hid themselves, but they also were evicted.

When the bride was on her way to the church women opened her carriage door so as to touch her bridal gown and veil. When the bridal carriage was returning from the church a special squad of police escorted it to the Golet residence. Altogether nearly two hundred policemen had to be employed in withstanding the mob.

Mrs. William Astor will give a dinner on Friday night for the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh.

Most Costly Wedding on Record.

A modest estimate of the total cost of the Duke of Roxburgh's wedding on Tuesday is £100,000. The total fortunes of those taking part is estimated at £150,000,000. This record surpasses even that of the marriage of Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt in April last, which was considered to have established a record.

The value of the wedding presents on that occasion was estimated at £200,000, but that does not approach the amount at which the Roxburgh gifts are valued. The wedding might almost have been described as a "diamond" wedding, so universal was the character of the jewellery that formed the bulk of the presents.

Mrs. Golet led the way by presenting her daughter with a beautiful set of diamonds, said to have cost £500,000; whilst New York Society would appear to have been determined that its gifts should be appropriate—at any rate in cost—to the bride, who would be one of the richest duchesses in England.

Diamonds in every shape or form were showered upon her—necklaces, tiaras, bracelets, crowns, etc.—variously estimated to be worth anything from £300,000 upwards. Even the bridesmaids' favours were diamond brooches, and their attendant cavaliers received scarf-pins with monogram and coronet set with the same stones.

Millionaire Bridesmaids.

Not only was the bride's wealth enormous, but her bridesmaids also reckoned their fortunes by millions. Their united wealth is estimated to have been at least £18,000,000, whilst their dresses cost very little less than the bride's—a mere trifle of £5,000.

The wedding, in fact, creates a record, not so much on account of the wealth of the bride, but for the enormous wealth represented at it, and connected with it, which at a modest valuation gives, as already mentioned, a total roughly of 150 million pounds.

A BISHOP'S COMPARISONS.

Yesterday the Bishop of Stepney startled the Mansion House by declaring, at a public meeting, that many of the young men he had seen in gaol were no worse than many Oxford undergraduates, "gated" after a jolly evening, some of whom were the sons and brothers of his hearers.

The Bishop is a prison missioner, and also had some strong things to say about the ladies. He saw no difference between a young woman who could not say "No" to a hand at Bridge and a factory girl who adopted a similar course when face to face with an offer of drink.

In all probability the young ladies and the undergraduates agree with him.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun. ...	15 22 29	... 6 13
Mon. ...	16 23 30	7 14
Tues. ...	17 24 31	8 15
Wed. ...	18 25 32	9 16
Thurs. 12	19 26 33	10 17
Fri. ...	20 27 34	11 18
Sat. 14	21 28 35	12 19

NOISE BUT NO RIOT.

MR. CHURCHILL AND LORD H. CECIL UNMOLESTED.

LAST NIGHT'S MEETING AT BIRMINGHAM.

The free trade meeting at Birmingham last night, which Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil had arranged to address, was much more peaceful than was anticipated.

The fact that Mr. Moore-Bayley, a Birmingham Conservative leader, who is in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain, had agreed to preside at a meeting arranged by the Free Trade Union, had led to expectations of very lively scenes. The Free Trade Union is regarded as a Radical organisation, and there was much resentment among the Conservatives at Mr. Moore-Bayley having "sought the aid of the enemy."

Sandwichmen paraded the streets with bills asking, "Shall Radicals be allowed to oppose our Joe?" and inviting working men to turn up in their thousands outside the Town Hall. A conference between the Lord Mayor and some of the opposition, however, led to the abandonment of a demonstration that threatened mischief.

The audience in the Town Hall, composed principally of respectable artisans, was quiet and good-humoured for the most part, though a section hissed and shouted as Mr. Moore-Bayley took the chair. One of the dissentients was promptly ejected. The crowd of eight thousand outside could be heard shouting, and these panes of glass on the ground floor were broken. When Mr. Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil left the Hall there was an outburst of angry hissing, but they were not molested, and Mr. Moore-Bayley walked away unnoticed.

Points from the Speeches.

Following are a few striking points from the speeches:

Mr. Winston Churchill:

Without a food tax the whole glittering fabric of protection would come to the ground in ruin.

It was ridiculous to think that the loyalty of the Colonies would fall away unless it was purchased at two shillings a quarter.

Mr. Chamberlain was thoroughly sincere, but what about the manufacturers and company promoters who poured their cheques into Mr. Vince's office?

Lord Hugh Cecil:

Mr. Balfour's policy was a policy of free trade; Mr. Chamberlain was frankly protectionist. If Mr. Chamberlain said they were the same, Lord Hugh must make an almost profane proposition—that Mr. Chamberlain had not rightly understood Mr. Balfour's pamphlet.

The resolution condemning Mr. Chamberlain's proposals was carried by a large majority.

CRIMES OF LONG AGO.

MAJOR GRIFFITHS AND THE FALLEN DETECTIVE.

Mr. Justice Darling's Court was occupied yesterday with the defence in the remarkable libel action which Mr. John Meiklejohn, a former well-known Scotland Yard detective, has brought against Major Arthur Griffiths the well-known writer on criminology. Major Griffiths is the author of a book published by Messrs. Cassell, called "Mysteries of Police and Crime," and in it he recalled the famous Benson turf frauds of a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Meiklejohn was sentenced in 1877 to two years' imprisonment for complicity with the Benson gang, who, from an office under the very nose of Scotland Yard, conducted a vast campaign of swindling.

Meiklejohn's illicit dealings with the criminals are set forth in Major Griffiths' book, and the ex-detective now asks for damages on the ground that it is unfair that he should be pilloried on account of misdeeds for which he has served his imprisonment.

Mr. Duke, K.C., who is for Major Griffiths, pleads justification. He read letters which had passed between Meiklejohn and one of the Benson gang named Kerr, who was addressed as "Dear Bill." These letters showed that Meiklejohn had corrupted another detective named Drusovitch, and revealed the extent of friendly interest taken by him in the swindling gang. Kerr was warned of what was passing at Scotland Yard, and the letter ran:—

"Your other had better not go for any more letters. It is too hot. The old man (the chief detective at Scotland Yard) has sent Andrews (another detective), and he has got the description."

In another letter Meiklejohn pointed out that the "usual present of a case of champagne" had not come, but a case of sherry would do as well. The swindlers' scheme was highly successful. In a very few weeks £20,000 came into the hands of the gang, including £10,000 from one person, Madame de Gontcourt.

Major Griffiths, who was successively Governor of Millbank and Wormwood Scrubs, and an Inspector of Prisons, in giving evidence, said he obtained his information about the Benson frauds from the annual register, the session papers, and the memoirs of Mr. Montagu Williams, who defended Meiklejohn. He was not aware, he said, in cross-examination, that Meiklejohn was still alive, but the knowledge of that fact would not have deterred him. His sympathies were with the honest public. He recalled Mr. Montagu Williams's statement that "Meiklejohn would have corrupted a regiment."

The case was adjourned.

THE "LITTLE COUNT."

EXTRAORDINARY ENQUIRY IN THE BERLIN SOCIETY TRIAL.

Most remarkable is yesterday's phase of the trial of the Polish Countess Kwielecki at Berlin, on a charge of presenting a male child, not her own, as heir to the family estates.

A Special Commission, composed of two doctors and a portrait painter, was appointed last week to report as to whether any resemblance exists between the countess and the handsome "little count," concerning whom there has been so much trouble.

Yesterday, says Reuter, the commission met to carry out its task. For three hours the men of science and the man of art deliberated. Finally they found that no physical resemblance existed between the count and his alleged son, but that there was an extraordinary physical resemblance, both facially and bodily, between the child and the countess, especially in the shape of the ears.

This event, pointing so conclusively to the maternity of the countess, is a striking dénouement to a story more suited to a yellow-back novel than a law court. It was alleged by the prosecution that Count Kwielecki and Countess Kwielecki were hard pressed financially. The lady had incurred debts to the amount of £20,000, and wanted to raise more money; but relatives opposed. They would not allow further mortgages on the entailed estates. It was, however, understood that if a male child were born to the pair Count Hector Kwielecki and the rest of the family would waive their objections, and the son of the count and countess would be rehabilitated.

It was under these circumstances, it is alleged, that the countess procured the infant, and sought to have it recognised as the son of her husband and herself.

MACEDONIANS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Although there has been comparatively little fighting in Macedonia of late, and many members of the bands have "made their submission" to the authorities, must not be supposed (Reuter's correspondent at Monastir states) that the revolutionary organisation has received its deathblow, or is even seriously weakened.

The band chiefs have thought it desirable to have as few people as possible to feed and clothe in the mountains during the winter, and many men, before being disbanded, were compelled to renew their oath of fidelity in the presence of a priest. There cannot be the least doubt that, unless the state of Macedonia is substantially ameliorated in the meantime, the coming spring will see an outbreak on a larger scale than ever.

A supposed deserter was recently followed to his village and beheaded.

THE FAR EAST CRISIS.

This morning's news in regard to the Russo-Japanese critical relations concerning Manchuria is scanty and less disquieting.

It is announced that Admiral Alexeiev, the Russian Viceroy in the Far East, will leave Port Arthur for St. Petersburg on the 18th inst.

Reuter's correspondent at St. Petersburg reports that hopeful views exist there, and are becoming more certain of a peaceful arrangement between Russia and Japan.

The Japanese Ambassador in London said yesterday: "Public opinion in Japan was undoubtedly against the Russian occupation of Manchuria, but the Japanese Government could be depended upon to take all necessary steps to allay any fears that Japanese interests would not be safeguarded."

THE KAISER'S IMPROVEMENT.

Yesterday's bulletin regarding the Emperor's condition stated that Wednesday's walk greatly benefited his Majesty, and that the wound has a good appearance and is beginning to diminish.

The German Ambassador in London has communicated to the Lord Chief Justice the thanks of his Government for the sympathetic reference which his lordship made to the German Emperor's illness, at the reception of the new Lord Mayor and Sheriffs at the Royal Courts of Justice.

Mr. Roosevelt sent the Kaiser a congratulatory cablegram, the text of which the State Department at Washington (Laffan says) refuses to issue for publication.

GERMANS ON OUR GENERALS.

A volume issued in Berlin yesterday records observations of the German General Staff upon General Buller's campaign to Colenso and that of Lord Methuen to Magersfontein. These are two indicative extracts:

General Buller: His failure at Colenso was due to bad leadership. After losing two of his batteries his initiative failed him, and he ordered the retreat because he was unable to see any outlet.

General Methuen: Proved himself a thoughtful leader, not disappointed by minor failures.

MR. J. P. MORGAN NOT RETIRING.

The rumour to which considerable currency was given yesterday that Mr. Pierpont Morgan was retiring from the Steel Trust management is declared from New York to be entirely unfounded.

A representative of the sisters of the late Queen Draga (her sole heirs) yesterday received £20,000 from the murdered Queen's estate.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

GIFT OF A SITE—£280,000 WANTED FOR BUILDING AND EQUIPMENT.

About twelve acres of freehold land near Camberwell Green have been presented to King's College Hospital by an anonymous donor. For some time past the hospital has proposed to move from its present quarters in Lincoln's Inn Fields, "in the interests both of the charity itself and of the poor for whose benefit it is intended."

The site selected is the hospital's own choice, and yesterday the committee issued their appeal to the public for £300,000 to build and equip the new hospital. Two minutes' walk from Denmark-hill Station, thirty minutes by cab from Harley-street, or twenty by motor, the new site is therefore easily accessible to its surgeons and physicians.

LONDON ACCOUNTANT'S SUICIDE.

Mr. John L. Lovering, partner in a firm of accountants off Gresham-street, was found shot in his office on Monday morning. The discovery was made in a remarkable manner by the caretaker, Benjamin Wilson, who found Mr. Lovering in the clerks' office, sitting on a chair, apparently asleep. Wilson went to awake him, and asked if he were ill then the man, horrified, for the first time noticed some blood and a revolver.

Another curious fact was related by the Rev. Stephen Barras, vicar of St. Lawrence Jewry. He said Mr. Lovering came into the church on Sunday morning about half-past seven, took a seat near the organ, and seemed to follow the service closely. He put a coin into one of the alms-bags, and while the Benediction was being pronounced came further forward into the body of the church and bowed most reverently. The Vicar hastened down after the service to shake hands with Mr. Lovering, but before he could do so the gentleman had gone.

Mrs. Lovering, who was painfully overcome, said she knew of nothing to trouble her husband, apart from the fact that he seemed upset at losing his confidential clerk through failing eyesight.

A verdict of suicide while temporarily insane was returned.

WOMEN INEBRIATES.

A Blue-book devoted to the report of the Inspector of State Homes for Inebriates has just been issued, and forms most interesting reading. The female inebriate, and the great advances that have been made in the treatment of her case, is more particularly dealt with.

"Jane Cakebread" and "Tottie Fay," writes the Inspector, were both borderland inebriates of the worst type, and were quite lunatic and hopeless in their later days; yet these two persons did more towards securing for us the Act of 1893 than any other.

The Act of 1893 ensures a gradual treatment that assists the patient to recover her self-respect. The sheep are separated from the goats by means of "cottage" homes, and frequently the drunkard is restored to her friends permanently and absolutely cured.

Work, good air, and regular sleep and meals are the chief items that go to produce this result.

THE POPE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Phillip Barraud, of Liverpool, a member of the firm of Messrs. Draycott's, is the first English photographer to take a picture of the Pope.

Armed with an introduction from the Duke of Norfolk to Archbishop Stonor he succeeded in obtaining an audience of half an hour, during which he secured a quantity of excellent portraits.

The Pope, says Mr. Barraud, is a good sinner. He was pleasant, good-humoured, and patient, and, although at first serious, from time to time a marvellous tenderness softened the lines of his strong face.

Mr. Barraud's pictures are practically snapshots, and he has promised to send a nice copy to Rome to be autographed for the Duke of Norfolk.

ROMEO AS AN ARMED BURGLAR.

A young lady engaged to a man her family would not receive, writes a Hampstead correspondent, had the romantic idea of meeting him in her garden at midnight.

Unfortunately he awakened the gardener, who secured the presence of four policemen, who found Romeo, his Juliet having fled.

He, unluckily, always carries a loaded revolver at night, and the constables prepared to arrest him as an armed burglar, "found feloniously on enclosed premises, with intent to break and enter."

Romeo, having heard all, explained that he was Romeo, to their ultimate satisfaction.

DISEASE GERMS IN BOOKS.

The "Family Doctor" says that while the outside of books may be thoroughly disinfected germs may easily remain within between the leaves—unharmed, unless the leaves, one by one, be subjected to the most careful fumigation. This process is so slow and expensive that it would be cheaper to buy a new book than to sterilise an old one.

MAGISTRATE AND STREET NOISES.

At the Guildhall a summons against a news-vendor was dismissed, the Alderman holding that there must be general annoyance to the inhabitants of a street before news-vendors' cries could become an offence.

LATEST FROM PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Paris, Wednesday Night.

The weather to-day has been decidedly unpleasant, muggy heat with drizzling rain being the principal features of the afternoon. The Bois was practically deserted, but on the other hand the hotels were crowded during the "five o'clock," and to-night big dinner parties were given both at the Ritz and the Elysée Palace. The young Duke of Roxburgh, with his wife, is expected here at the end of the month, rooms having been engaged at one of the big hotels by Mrs. Ogden Goelet, the mother of the new Duchess. The Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador to London, is expected at the Ritz from Carcass, where he has been in attendance on King Carlos.

To-morrow's Cabinet Meeting.

All kinds of rumours are current to-night concerning the outcome of to-morrow's Cabinet meeting. It is feared the debate in the Senate to-morrow on the details of Congregational teaching may result in the fall of the Ministry.

Next Week's Weather.

The Paris Clerk of the Weather, M. Jaubert, is an adventurous and enterprising man. He has entrusted himself to a well-known balloonist, and has made a little voyage of discovery in cloudland, or rather up above it, by way of finding out what next week's weather is to be. M. Jaubert found that up above the fog-belt which he had to traverse, the temperature of the air was ten, and sometimes twelve, degrees above that lower down. The difference is caused by lofty air currents which come from the southwest, and consequently, M. Jaubert says, we shall have warm weather and a good deal of rain during next week. To-day, at all events, bears out his observations.

The Emperor of Sahara.

Extradition proceedings are spoken of as likely to be taken against M. Jacques Lebaudy, whose contemptuous reply to the summons calling him to pay £20,000 to his sailors or their families, or appear before the court, was published in this column yesterday. One of the five sailors taken by M. Lebaudy on his yacht, the *Frasqueta*, to his new empire is dead and another is seriously ill.

An Artistic Trio.

There is talk of an addition to the artistic alliance between Mesdames Réjane and Sarah Bernhardt. The "Gil Blas," which is usually extremely well-informed about things theatrical, declares that the dual alliance may become a triple one, the third member of it being no other than Madame Calvé. The week would then be divided into alternate days of tragedy, comedy, and opera, in which Bernhardt, Réjane, and Calvé would respectively star.

A Love Comedy.

In a house facing the Little Place des Fêtes, out beyond the Buttes Chaumont, in the sky parlour front, lives Mademoiselle Rose Laurier. Rose is but seventeen, and lives the life of Jenny l'Ouvrière, or Mimi Pinson, of whom De Musset sang. Every morning, singing as she went, Rose used to trip down the steep hill to Paris and her work, and every evening back she tripped again.

But yesterday, poor little Rose was sad and felt that she had had enough of life. He was a buyer in a good position, and there had been talk of a wedding, but that was over now and he had ceased to love her. And so Rose went into a shop in the Rue Châteaudun, and asked to see revolvers. The gun maker had also in his younger days read *feuilletons*.

"Let me, Mademoiselle, recommend this pistol. It is cheap, but excellent. See, I will load it for you."

And Rose Laurier went home to her sky parlour with the revolver. She bought some flowers as she went, bespread her bed with them, lay down among them, put the weapon to her head, and fired. At the report, the neighbours crowded in and found Rose Laurier extremely astonished that she was still alive. The room smelt strongly of heliotrope perfume, and on examination the pistol proved to be a conjurer's weapon, which the gun maker had judged less dangerous than the lethal kind for which Rose Laurier had asked.

And wedding bells are, after all, to form the final chapter of the story, for Rose's lover has come back to her.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH IN A DAY.

After waiting seven years for the passing of a Bill to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister, Mr. Israel Watkins King, a Nottingham man, went to St. Heliers, Jersey, on Wednesday, and was married to the sister of his first wife. Yesterday morning, within half an hour of rising, he died, although on the evening of his wedding day he appeared in the best health.

At the inquest it was stated that Mr. King was under the impression that a man could go to the island of Jersey and be married to his deceased wife's sister at any time, but the Coroner pointed out that such was not the case. Medical evidence was given which pointed to heart failure as the cause of death, but the inquest was adjourned pending a *post mortem* examination.

BOND-STREET SHOPLIFTER.

PRETTY WOMAN'S ASTONISHING CAREER.

IS SHE A MORPHIA VICTIM?

A young and pretty woman, named Lillie Miers, was yesterday sentenced at Clerkenwell Sessions to twelve months' imprisonment in the second division for a remarkable series of thefts.

She was plainly dressed in close-fitting black, and looked rather dissipated, but Detective-Sergeant Scholes who arrested her, said she was then dressed most elaborately, and had a very charming appearance. The woman's history was a most remarkable one. The daughter of a merchant who committed suicide, she was employed as traveller by a City firm who became interested in her welfare. But dishonesty seemed to be ingrained in her. She sent out sixty or seventy bogus orders in order to obtain commission, and at her lodgings were found three tons of blankets which she had caused to be sent out to fictitious customers. After her dismissal she collected cheques and money from customers, forging endorsements to the amount of £500.

Wholesale Shoplifting.

These proceedings she varied by shop-lifting. She stole £1,000 worth of property in twelve months, and for jeweller alone received £140 from the pawnbrokers, with whom she deposited her spoils. During the present year she had pawned:—

19 rings.	20 pencil cases.
142 buttons.	12 purses.
7 pins.	16 perfume bottles.
50 brooches.	9 button hooks.
14 bracelets.	6 fountain pens.
14 neck chains.	7 umbrellas.

In all 300 articles were involved.

Bond-street was her favourite hunting ground, and she inspired confidence by driving up to shops and selecting the most expensive articles, to be made according to directions. While being attended to, she managed to secrete valuable articles so cleverly that she was never detected, and naturally she never called again. Suspicion was often cast on innocent assistants. Large jewellery establishments and fancy stationers were the principal victims.

Extravagant Living.

Miers had been given £130 by her brother, and had received £200 from a gentleman by telling a plausible story of her distress, while at the very time she was living most extravagantly, being inordinately fond of theatres and cab-riding. She used to dress in costumes costing ten and twelve guineas each, and when she was arrested some morphia tablets were discovered in her possession, she being, it was said, addicted to the morphia habit.

Forgery was easy to this accomplished young criminal. Being sued in the County-court last autumn she evaded the debt by writing, in her sister's name, letters to the Judge and the plaintiff stating that she was dead. She also consulted a solicitor with a view of raising a large loan, and to corroborate her story sent several letters in the names of other people to the solicitor.

Her family, who had assisted her much, in spite of the endless trouble she had caused them, said, through counsel, that they now felt bound to refrain from extending her helping hand until the expiration of her sentence.

The learned Judge said he was sorry to hear the story of this elaboration of crimes. The court always sympathised with a young woman who had fallen into crime, but in this case the prisoner had deliberately adopted a life of dishonesty.

DRAMA FOR THE KING.

The cast of "A Marriage of Convenience" (a version by Sydney Grundy of "Un Mariage sous Louis XV."), which will be played by the King's command before his Majesty at Sandringham to-morrow evening, is as follows:—

Comte de Candale	Mr. Lewis Waller.
Chevalier de Valclos	Mr. Thomas Kingston.
The General	Miss Sophie Valentine.
Mr. J. Byron	Mr. Frank Dyal.
An Officer	Mr. Edward Ferris.
A Suise	Mr. Edward Scott.
A Footman	Miss Grace Lane.
Comtesse de Candale	Miss Kate Phillips.
Mafo	Miss Kate Phillips.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH AND BRISTOL WEST.

A statement has appeared that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will not seek re-election for Bristol West, and that Mr. George White, President of the Associated Stock Exchanges of the United Kingdom, will become Conservative candidate for the constituency. A Bristol correspondent is authorised, in contradiction, to state that Sir Michael has no more loyal supporter than Mr. George White.

SOME NOTABLE "HOMERS."

Among the thousand homing pigeons which are on show at the Alexandra Palace are several which have flown from the Shetland Islands to London, a distance of 600 miles. One has flown 6,000 miles in five years' races—a very remarkable performance. The winner of the "Pigeon Derby" from La Roche (France) is also to be seen. This pigeon beat over 1,600 others in the race, and won for its owner £20.

MR. HALL CAINE'S CONTEST.

Mr. Hall Caine is conducting a live contest in the general election which is being held in the Isle of Man. He was not yesterday as "a Radical Progressive," as opposed by Mr. Kermode, a solicitor

OUR UNDERPAID CLERGY.

LETTERS FROM CLERICS WHO DREAD THE WORKHOUSE.

The sad case of the Vicar of St. Benet's, Kentish Town, who, on a net income of £122 a year, is expected to support himself and a large family, has led to the receipt of many letters from clergymen in a like or approximate predicament.

"Much as I love my work," writes one, "I do not think, if I had the choice of my life again, that I would have the courage to enter the clerical profession, for it stands alone in its miserable return for money, time, and anxiety freely spent."

The majority of these outspoken clerics dread the workhouse; one regrets his inability to marry: "For if one is obedient to this great first law of Nature, the poor wife pays the penalty." One revolutionary suggests that "the princes of the Church, and other highly-paid dignitaries, should share with their less affluent brethren."

A Norfolk curate considers that his own stipend of £140 a year is as much as he is worth. This happy celibate forgets that he is living far from the madding crowd, and that every curate has his day.

TWO £500 DIVORCE VERDICTS.

By a curious coincidence, juries in the Divorce Court yesterday assessed the damages against two co-respondents in two matrimonial cases at the same figure—£500. In the first, Mr. Harry Mann Young, formerly of the Imperial Yeomanry, obtained a decree nisi on the ground of his wife's relations with Mr. Joseph Milner, a country gentleman living near Filey.

The other case presented some points of interest. Mr. Arthur Leopold Bambridge, an artist, charged his wife with impropriety with Captain J. Murphy. Since the proceedings Mrs. Bambridge had gone down to Marlborough, where her ten-year-old daughter was staying, and taken her away in a motor-car. The lady was now abroad.

Mr. Justice Barnes said he noticed that Captain Murphy and Mrs. Bambridge arrived at Holborn Viaduct at 5 p.m. "But," he added, "they left Dover at 9.26 a.m. Surely it does not take all that time."

"But, my lord, this is the South-Eastern Railway," said counsel slyly, amid laughter.

SCARCITY OF ENGLISH-BRED TURKEYS.

Mr. Harry Abbott, the greatest poultry authority in England, who on Monday last was judging the turkeys at the Crystal Palace Poultry Show, states that English-bred turkeys will be very scarce this Christmas. The supply, according to Mr. Abbott, will fall far short of the average of the last ten or twelve years.

"The birds," he said, "frequently stopped laying during the spring on account of the cold weather, and for the same reason hundreds of eggs proved unfertilized, and hundreds of chicks died in the shell. Moreover, a great many young birds succumbed to cramp during the summer.

YESTERDAY'S LIVERPOOL RACES.

At Liverpool yesterday W. Lane and D. Maher were in capital form, the former riding three, and the latter two winners. Otto Maddon did not ride a winner during the afternoon, and is now four points behind Lane in the jockey's title. The numbers being: Lane 141, Maddon 137. Results of the racing:—

Race. Horse. Rider. Price.

Great Lancashire (S.) Gold Lock Lane 7 to 1

(13) New Prospect Mixed Powder. Maher 6 to 1

Vidame Lane 7 to 2

(7) Krowsley (9) Killeswell (10) Stealaway Hunter 8 to 1

Westmorland (1) Stealaway Maher 8 to 1

Liverpool St. (2) Galloway Maher 6 to 1

(Legs (4) Galloway Maher 6 to 1

Londoners (5) Galloway Maher 6 to 1

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THE British public looks askance at artists' models. In the popular opinion the girl who sits for the "figure" is a girl for whom bashfulness exists not, and to whom womanly reserve is—of necessity—a stranger.

Nothing could be further from the fact. Instead of courting notoriety the sitter shuns it. Not long ago, made curious by what I had chance to hear of the ways of the race, I set out to interview the model—the model modestly declined to be interviewed.

No Desire for Publicity.

All the girls I talked with—and some of them were well-known sitters—were most obligingly ready to chat about themselves, or to discuss the lights and shadows of their calling, but they did so on the express understanding that their names should not appear. The proverbial violet is not shyer, more retiring, than the majority of those who "pose." I say advisedly "the majority." There are models and models.

An Intelligent Interest.

But, bashful or bold, the artist's model takes an honest pride in her profession. It would be strange if she did not. For the really successful model is no mere automaton, no mere dummy. She is not simply the possessor of a lovely face, a shapeless figure, or other feature, paintable or picturesque. She is a woman who knows how to sit, a woman with artistic—more dramatic, instincts, quick to seize the painter's meaning; able at an instant's notice to fall into a given pose. Some popular sitters can, if need be, adapt themselves to almost any character.

The Income Earned.

They sit as costume models; they sit, like Trilby, "for the altogether," and they are not afraid of that most wearisome of occupations—sitting for the Schools. In a good season the model who poses for an artist by day and for evening classes or for black and white at night can earn as much as three pounds a week. In a bad one she can always fall back on the stage. Models are in great request as supers, and they have been known to take more ambitious parts.

Votaries of Art.

And the career has other advantages. For one thing it offers far more variety than many walks of life which stand in higher regard; for another, it has a curiously refining influence. The girl who spends her days in a studio comes in contact with a class much above her own. She learns, accordingly, to speak correctly, and she acquires a liking for the artistic and the beautiful.

More than one model whom I could mention—only they won't be mentioned!—has grown disgusted with the crude wall-paper and gaudy ornaments of the ordinary cheap apartment and installed herself in artistic little quarters of her own.

Cheques that do not come.

So much for the rosy side of the profession. It has other aspects. The fact that girls, from any but the lowest classes, are made to feel that they lose caste when they become a model is the first drawback. That the painter who aspires to represent the human form divine must have the human form before him would seem obvious enough; but the lay mind is hard to convince. Then, taken at its best, a model's is a wearing life. To pose for seven or eight hours a day is, in itself, no trivial undertaking, but the model in full work has often long journeys to and fro to make as well.

Again, and this perhaps the most curious drawback to this curious "profession," artists, especially when still on the road to fame, are often very careless concerning money matters, and the model is sometimes kept waiting for her fee till long after the picture for which she sat is finished.

A very Wearing Life.

She is, of course, obliged to go out in all weathers, and the costumes that she sometimes has to wear are oppressive in their weight. A studio is, unfortunately, not an easy place to ventilate; stuffiness, induced by stoves, is apt to alternate with a strong draught, and this is said to be the reason why consumption is so terribly common among models.

It was calculated recently that in Germany one model in every five falls a victim to the fell disease. In England the total is probably less, but there is no doubt that the sitter has much to contend with. The girl who makes a living by posing for a picture is entitled to consider that her income is well earned. There are two days of each year when the

model generally enjoys a well-earned holiday. These are varnishing day at the Royal Academy and the day on which the general public are admitted to Burlington House on the payment of 1s. On this occasion the triumphant model, accompanied perhaps by a lady friend, goes and gazes at her counterfeit presentment, pleased or sorry according to her mood and according, perhaps, to whether she is well or ill "hung."

Edith Ethel Towgood.

THE PAPERS.

TO IMPROVE THE FIGURE,

Rope skipping is bound to be popular, for it puts the finishing touches to the figure, making it lithe and graceful, imparting the suppleness of an acrobat with the lissom movements of a professional dancer.—"Globe," Boston.

WHY NOT?

According to Judge Emden the most extravagant class in the community is that of the single working man. Will not some one in smart society write a series of articles on the "Sin and Scandal of the Labouring Set?"—"Evening News."

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

The intelligent foreigner of a century hence—or, for that matter, of to-day—will have some difficulty in accurately classifying the much mixed society of this country. He would find England a place where the aristocracy were in trade, and trade went to Court; where feudal castles were owned by Americans, and grocers were lords of the manor.—"Hearth and Home."

MANNERS TO MEND.

"Smart society" at the play wears monster hats for matinees, and at night comes late without apology. During the performance it chatters; after the performance it blocks the doors. Its conduct is a standing insult alike to actors and to playgoers, and will some day and somewhere bring about a catastrophe which will result in our audiences, like our street crossings, being regulated by the police.—"Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

A THOUGHTFUL ANGLER.

A distinguished public man is amusing his friends with the following story:—"Not long ago I came upon a stranger fishing in my lake. I did not learn until afterwards that the trespasser had been there all the afternoon without a bite. Stepping to his side, I politely invited his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law. The stranger smiled sadly. 'You are mistaken, sir,' he replied. 'I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them!'"—"St. James's Gazette."

A FEMININE FAILING.

Women—main makers of the home, though they are supposed to be—have been pronounced guilty of marring its decorative aspect by foolishly following every suggestion of novelty instead of pacing the steady path of stern simplicity. Where their influence is most marked in the home—namely, in their drawing-rooms—their assailant declares good taste dies a natural death, whereas in the smoking-rooms, over which masculinity reigns, simplicity and success are happily apparent.—"County Gentleman."

PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

Writing some ten years ago, one who had visited Claremont observed, "If I tell you what chiefly impressed me respecting the Duchess, it is the fact of what a model mother she is. You cannot be in the house long without noticing how she loves and cares for her children, and how closely she watches over their welfare. And what perfect sympathy there seems to be between them all. The eldest one—the Princess Alice—looks to be robust and bears a wonderful likeness to our Royal Family."—"Westminster Gazette."

NOT CARING A "WRAP."

(By a "Tariff Reformer.")

"The colonies are much more likely to be bound to the Mother Country by the silken ties of sympathy than by the sordid material bonds with which Mr. Chamberlain wishes to bind Britain and her colonies."—Lord Goschen at Liverpool.]

While Britain to her colonies

The fore-guer prefers.

'Tis evident these "silken ties."

Make but poor "comforters!"

"World."

STAGE GOSSIP.

For next Saturday night Mr. George Edwardes is inviting the Press to Daly's Theatre to see "A Country Girl," and get their opinion of it now that Miss Isabel Jay is in the cast.

A Great Favourite.

Since this charming actress and singer returned to the stage three weeks ago, as Marjory Joy, the play has been attracting hundreds of people who had seen it before, yet were anxious to go again, when it was announced that the Savoy favourite of two years ago had returned to the stage at Daly's. New numbers have been written for both Miss Jay and Mr. Hayden Coffin, and it may be that the successor to "A Country Girl"—written by Mr. James T. Tanner, with music by Mr. Lionel Monckton—will not be required before the early spring.

Little Japanese Ladies.

Mr. Tree has—as frequenters of His Majesty's Theatre may have noticed—a weakness for engaging ladies of above medium height to fill the small parts, and to "walk on," in all his productions and revivals. That order of things, he now recognises, will have to be changed, and in his next new play, "The Darling of the Gods," due about the latter end of January, realism will have to be recognised when engagements are being made.

Small But Charming.

Many of the people who are to take part in that Japanese play have, as a matter of fact, been already engaged, and in the Shakespearean repertoire company, that leaves His Majesty's for a provincial tour next February, will be found a considerable number of the young actresses debarred by superior height from remaining at home to represent the minor characters in the strange stage story of ancient Japan that he is now preparing to follow "Richard II." in another couple of months.

A Light Opera Star.

So far Mr. Frank Curzon has not yet definitely decided what is to follow "The Climbers" at the Comedy, or "Dolly Varden" at the Avenue. Both these plays were withdrawn last Saturday night, and, curiously

enough, too, both of them came from America, where they had made successes. Miss Mabelle Gilman, it is to be hoped, will be induced to remain in London; she is exceptionally clever in light operatic work, and although not fortunate in either of her engagements here, made a personal success, and would, under fair conditions, become a great favourite in a very short time.

A Royal Command.

As Mr. Lewis Waller and his company have been "commanded" to appear at Sandringham to-morrow (Friday) night, when the play chosen by the King for performance will be Sydney Grundy's "A Marriage of Convenience," the Imperial Theatre will be closed for that evening. The company will arrive back in town by special train in the early hours of Saturday morning, and the usual matinée of "Monsieur Beaucaire" will be given on that day.

Another.

Sir Charles Wyndham will not open the New Theatre on the night of the 13th, as he and Miss Mary Moore are to play in "David Garrick," at Windsor, before the King and Queen and their guests, the King and Queen of Italy.

Birthday of the Girl from Kay's.

On Saturday night "The Girl from Kay's" will be just a year old, having been performed for the first time, at the Apollo Theatre, on November 15 last year. The author, Mr. Owen Hall, believes that his piece will run until next Easter, but if it should not do so Mr. Edwardes is prepared to put on "Madame Sherry" at very short notice. This musical play comes from America, but was originally produced in Germany. The original book was written by a Frenchman, and music by a German. The principal parts in the cast for the London production have been settled, and many of the present company at the Apollo will be found in it on the first night.

A Charming Prospect.

The preparations for "The Cherry Girl," which Mr. Seymour Hicks is producing for Messrs. Gatti and Frohman at the Vaudeville Theatre, point to a more elaborate production than has ever before been seen there. The play is by Mr. Hicks, the lyrics by Mr. E. Hopwood, and the music by Mr. Ivan Caryll.

Novelists and their Novels.



WITH the fragrant memory of "Pages from the Day Book of Bethia Hardacre," to compare with its author's latest book, "Prior's Roosting" (Smith, Elder, 6s.), one turns from the latter with a sense of disappointment. It is when Mrs. Fuller Maitland is discoursing of old herbs, quoting recipes for cordials made of rosemary, telling of quaint forgotten lore concerning flowers and plants that we like her best. The fortunes of the saintly Lucy Arden, the love affairs of vulgar little Dolly Walker rouse but a faint interest in comparison with the other parts of the story.

A Scholarly Woman-Writer.

Mrs. Fuller Maitland has many gifts, among them grace, distinction, and a delicate sense of humour. But she also has the defects of her virtues, and among them we reckon a certain lack of vitality, a fastidiousness which is almost finicking, an absence of that robust outlook upon life which is necessary to the portrayal of flesh-and-blood humanity. In "Prior's Roosting" it is always delightfully suggested places—old gardens, rooms dignified by age, rather than the people, who wander through them, that please us most. Nevertheless, we are grateful, in this age of careless workmanship, for a scholarly woman-writer. There are not too many of them.

The Children who Run Away.

Children who run away do not as a rule fare so well as the children who ran away in Miss Evelyn Sharp's new book (Macmillan and Co. Price 6s.) Not often at the end of a long day's tramp does an exceedingly troublesome little girl look round "for the cosy fire-lit hall, into which she had walked straight from the gloom and the darkness outside; at the blazing fire in the great stone hearth, and at the big bowls of flowers that stood about the hall and mingled their scent with that of the burning pine-wood."

In frequently, too, is she received with open arms by a lady like Miss Cecilia Molineux of Monks' Manor. But then Prue, and her little brother Ricky are the fulfilment of a fairy-tale invented by Miss Cecilia and "Dot," one of the fortunate orphans with whom Miss Cecilia has a passion for filling her house.

Charming Make-Believe.

A Princess, disguised as a beggar, is to come knocking at the door, to take possession of "the pink room, in the west wing," vacated by reason of the departure of a certain lamented Millicent. Wherefore, when Pomona, flying for protection from a hated guard, and knocking at the door, who can she be but

disguised Princess, and what is there to do but to treat her royally, as befit her rank?

And right royally Miss Cecilia treats her, even though she does not hate the despised Mr. Chichester as much as Prue had imagined. This objectionable, though as yet unseen guardian, has in fact been "sent to South America" six years previously by Miss Cecilia herself, a circumstance which does not necessarily imply hatred, as Prue is forced to recognise when Mr. Chichester returns to marry her beloved Miss Cecilia, and prove himself anything but the cruel tyrant of her fancy. Prue's eventual reconciliation with the tyrant is brought about by a play written by him, unknown to her of course, in which she takes the part of the Princess.

An Original Book.

"George Savile," by Charles Moray (John Long, 6s.) is a curious book, and certainly under no circumstances can it be termed dull. On the contrary, indeed, it goes to the opposite extreme, and is crowded with dramatic and exciting episodes that are splendidly described, but are not a little improbable, and, unfortunately, in one or two cases, can hardly fail to appeal to a sense of humour.

The Hero.

The introduction of the hero provides a totally original situation, the very first pages discover him in his woods, motionless as a statue, and minus every outward and visible sign of civilisation. He is attended by an old and faithful attendant, who, kneeling at his bare feet, ejaculates at intervals, "For God's sake, sir, excuse me, sir, I beg and pray of you, sir," until the poor old man is reduced to a state of absolute fatigue, which is not surprising taking into account that this extraordinary mood of his master lasts a night and a day.

The Heroine.

The heroine, Claire Cardew, is a heroine indeed; no wonder that two men should have loved her dearly. Such exquisite beauty, grace of form, combined with a voice of heavenly splendour, and the art of singing as no woman ever sang before, could not fail to win all hearts. Perhaps it is because one never gets to know her intimately that Claire strikes one at the end as something most conventional, and, indeed, she is altogether too perfect for everyday life, even in those times before railways were invented, and "when it was not the fashion for constant coming and going, and visits and pleasures."

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

SEVEL STONES (a novel). By Mrs. Sidwick Arnold. £1.50 (Sea stories). By F. T. Bullen. Smith.

CONSENT (a novel). By L. T. Meade. Digby.

JOSEPHINE (Biographical). By Austin Dobson, Mac-

A QUIET DAY IN TOWN.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OPENS A SALE OF WORK.

45 and 46, New Bond Street. Wednesday Evening.

Never once to-day has the sun shown his face, and while the air fortunately remained comparatively clear, there was a hint of fog in it, which grew thicker as evening advanced.

Nevertheless, it takes a great deal nowadays to keep people indoors, although this morning and afternoon closed carriages were the order of the day.

The Duchess of Buckingham was driving in Piccadilly, and so was Amy Lady Coleridge in Kensington Gore, and so was Baroness de Stern, who was beautifully dressed. Lady Dorothy Nevill was also driving; and in Bond-street were Isabella Lady Wilton, Lady Anna Chandos-Pole, Lady Herbert of Lea, and Lady Templemore, whilst Lady Brougham, and Miss "Baba" Brougham, were busy shopping in preparation for their visit to Cannes.

Some People on Foot.

Theodosia Lady Cottenham and Lady Mary Pepys were among those to be seen walking. Lady Sligo, who has just arrived in town, was also on foot, as were Lady Ulric Browne and Lady Alice Leslie; while men, of whom, considering it is the middle of the week, there were an unusual number to be seen, included Lord Newton-Butler, Lord Henry Fitz-Gerald, Lord Greenock, Colonel Smith-Cunningham, Sir John Ardagh, and Sir Bruce Seton.

In the Jerusalem Chamber.

This morning Princess Christian opened a sale of work in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey in aid of the Westminster Refuge and St. Helena Hospital Home. The Princess, who wore black, with lovely old lace and sable fur, made several purchases after declaring the sale open. She was accompanied by Mrs. Dick-Cunningham, dressed in black, with a black and white toque.

Lady Beatrice Kemp who presided over a stall where sandalwood was sold, looked nice in brown with touches of orange; Lady Lilian Yorke, wearing black, was also busy, and so was Lady Harvey, who had on a black lace dress. Mrs. John Thynne was assisted by her two daughters, Lady Emlyn in black with a soft grey hat, and pretty Miss Agatha Thynne in pale blue; while Lady Flower, accompanied by a daughter in black with a white boa, was among the many who came to buy.

Another Sale of Work.

The annual sale of work and Christmas presents at the Church House, Westminster, did not begin until the afternoon, when the Dowager Lady Conyngham performed the opening ceremony. The big room was filled down each side and the middle with prettily-decorated stalls, and a brisk trade seemed to be doing.

Among the stallholders were Lady Grosvenor, who, however, was unfortunately unable to be present; Lady Margaret and Lady Charlotte Amherst, Lady Grace Bazley-White, Lady Constance Erskine in pale blue, and the Ladies Pratt, one dressed in dark green and the other in plum colour.

Lady Furley, in black and white, also had a stall, but was busy buying; Mrs. Portman, wearing black voile, with a string of pearls round her throat, was also making purchases; and among others there were Lady Agnes Lygon, Lady Glanusk, and Miss Lowry-Corry. An orchestra of ladies played during the afternoon, and the sale will be opened to-morrow by Lady Grenfell.

To-night's Doings.

At the Carlton this evening there were a good many people dining. Lord and Lady Savile were together, the latter wearing a very pretty white lace gown. Countess Blücher, wearing a green sequin dress, was also dining; and Captain Fritz Ponsonby was among the men.

Later on, at the Gaiety, there was a big audience, including the Duke of Newcastle, Mrs. Jardine, wearing some beautiful jewels, in a box; and Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker, who had a party of four with them.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Among the sights of Windsor Castle are the royal kitchens, which are on the ground floor at the back of the Victoria Tower, in which is the state dining-room, with which they are directly connected by lifts. There are several of them, devoted to different departments, such as roasting, entrées, sweets, etc., but the roasting kitchen is the most interesting.

* * *

Here there are ten cooks, who take it in turns with the enormous spits. In the centre of the room is a big metal table, which is heated by pipes running under it, and filled with boiling steam. This big kitchen was originally a yard in the block of state apartments.

* * *

Princess Patricia of Connaught, who goes by the name of "Patsy" in the family circle, is to be presented at one of the first Courts at Buckingham Palace next season. The Princess, who is the tallest of all the members of her family, promises to be very pretty, and both she and her sister have engaging manners.

* * *

Lady Hertford is presiding over a grand bazaar, to be held in the Winter Halls at Leamington on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of

December, in aid of the Warneford, Leamington, and South Warwickshire General Hospital. All the principal places in the neighbourhood are to be represented.

* * *

Among those helping Lady Hertford are her daughters, Lady Victoria de Trafford and Lady Jane Seymour; Lady Leigh and Mrs. Dudley Leigh will have the Kenilworth stall; the Dowager Lady Connolly the Southampton stall; the Dowager Lady Aylesford the Leamington and Offchurch stall, and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton the Leamington stall.

* * *

Lord Normanby, a canon of Windsor, and the successful head-master of a large school, whose engagement was announced some weeks ago, has kindly consented to keep the school open yet another term, instead of closing it at Christmas. This is in answer to the prayer of many distressed parents, who have not decided where to send their boys.

* * *

Miss Gladys Vanneck, whose engagement to Mr. Harold Maryon-Wilson is announced, is a niece of Lord Huntingdon. Mr. Maryon-Wilson is the only surviving son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Maryon-Wilson and nephew of the late Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson. He is very young, only twenty-three, and has lost both his brothers under somewhat tragic circumstances.

* * *

The eldest of them all was examining a rifle at Cambridge, when his youngest brother, who was staying with him, came into the room. The rifle went off suddenly and the bullet lodged in his brain; it remained there for two years, when he died in the greatest pain. Afterwards the elder brother died in South Africa while still very young.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson, accompanied by their two daughters, have returned to 41, Prince's-gardens, from Greshamshire, Isle of Skye, where they usually spend the autumn.

* * *

A constitutional has become a recognised rule among the women of to-day. Mrs. George Cornwallis West never misses her walk, nor does her sister, Mrs. Jack Leslie; and Lady Essex is another good walker. The Duchess of Devonshire also has made a habit of regular walking, which she considers a hardening process, and it is to this that she attributes her excellent health.

* * *

It is not everyone who can boast, as she does with perfect truth, that in Scotland this autumn she motored sixty miles in the rain to her destination, spent half the night playing bridge, breakfasted at eight the next morning, and landed a couple of salmon before lunch.

* * *

Lord Willoughby de Eresby is at present staying at Grimsthorpe Castle, his father's Lincolnshire seat, for a few weeks' hunting and shooting.

* * *

The Grand Duke Michael and Countess York left town yesterday for Traray Croft on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who have a large house-party to meet them.

* * *

Lord and Lady Carnarvon are entertaining a shooting party at Highclere Castle this week. Their guests include Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord and Lady Rossmore, Mr. and Mrs. John Menzies, and Mr. Peter Lumsden. Very good bags are expected, as Lord Carnarvon, who is a first-rate shot and a keen sportsman, spares no expense in the rearing of game.

HAPPY COINCIDENCE.

THE SILVER WEDDINGS OF THE TWO PRIMATES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York, who are both natives of Edinburgh, and who were both married on November 10, 1878—this being the date of the second marriage of Dr. MacLagan—by another coincidence celebrated yesterday their silver weddings.

The Primate, Dr. Randall Davidson, married the daughter of Archbishop Tait at a time when he was acting as chaplain and secretary to the Ecclesiastic. Thus by a curious turn of fortune Mrs. Davidson afterwards became mistress of Lambeth Palace, where her girlhood days were passed.

The Archbishop of York married Augusta, daughter of the sixth Viscount Barrington.

She is a clever speaker, and has been engaged in many philanthropic schemes. Like Mrs. Davidson, she is an accomplished musician, and makes a hobby of gardening. Dr. MacLagan is an ardent horseman and a great lover of bird and animal life.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Marchioness of Sligo and the Ladies Browne have arrived at 82, Eaton-square.

Major-General and Mrs. Arthur Rideout have removed from Brighton to Sandymount, Englefield Green, Surrey, which they have taken for a term of years.

A marriage has been arranged between Commander Arthur John Henniker-Hughan, R.N., of Airds, Kirkcudbrightshire, N.B., second son of Sir Brydges Henniker, Bart., and Inger, only daughter of Mr. Graham Hutchison, of Balmaghie, Kirkcudbrightshire.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

OUR DUBLIN LETTER.

Dublin is beginning to assume her normal winter air of spurious animation, for to the real bustle and activity of the London streets we never rise. Grafton-street, however, is fairly crowded with people in search of clothes, and we have commenced to speculate on the chances of a good season.

* * *

Among the official hosts in Dublin none give more delightful parties than the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Royal Hospital, which is the Chelsea Hospital of Ireland. The beautiful old hall there makes an ideal ballroom. Wainscotted in black oak, hung with trophies of arms and flags captured in many a fight, the hall is a most becoming setting for the jewels and gowns of the women, and the uniforms which are de rigueur for the men.

* * *

The dinners of the Duke and Duchess are no less pleasant than their balls, and their chef leaves little to be desired. Dinner is usually served at round tables for eight or ten. At one of these the Duchess always presides, and, clever woman and charming hostess, she always manages to draw all her guests into the conversation.

* * *

The note of the Royal Hospital is simplicity in the hosts as in their personnel. The Duke and Duchess "welcome the coming, the parting guest" after the manner of ordinary mortals, and there is a pleasing absence of that pomp which distinguishes Viceregal functions.

* * *

We have started another new industry in Ireland. This time it is an industry in brains, in the form of an Irish literary theatre. Judging from the support given by the public, the theatre promises to be a financial success, though Mr. Hayes and his fellow poets of the Celtic revival profess a lofty scorn for the commercial side of the undertaking.

* * *

The Literary Theatre has opened its doors for the winter season, and this past week six plays have been produced, actors and authors alike being Irish. A good deal of interest centred in a new play, "The Bursting of the Bubble," by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the well-known Celtic scholar. We had been promised a satire on the Dons of Trinity College and their somewhat openly-expressed contempt for the literary possibilities of the Irish language. Expecting a satire, one was disappointed in finding only a lampoon.

* * *

Lady Dudley spent some days lately in the west of Ireland, where she was engaged in maturing her scheme for establishing district nurses in the poorest parts of the country.

Only those who know Connemara and Mayo can understand what a boon the nurses are to the people inhabiting these localities, where the miserable cabins are scattered along the edge of a desolate bog, or up the side of a barren mountain. Of the many schemes initiated by Lady Dudley since coming to Ireland none is more admirable or more far-reaching in its effects than that for providing for the sick poor with trained nurses. Too much praise cannot be given to her for the energy and intelligence which she has shown in the attainment of her object.

* * *

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

"What is best, that best I wish thee,"—*Shakespeare*.

Many happy returns to:—

Lady Ann Lloyd-Venue. | Lord Burton.

Lady Alice Egerton. | Lord Rayleigh.

Lord Burton is a very philanthropic man, who is the head of the firm of Bass and Co. He has two beautiful places, Glen Quoich, near Invergarry, in Scotland, and Range-more, at Burton-on-Trent, where last year the King paid him a visit.

Lord Rayleigh is a very distinguished personage in the scientific world. He is science adviser to Trinity House, and belongs to numerous foreign societies. He is married to a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour.

LIVERPOOL RACES.

A drizzling rain which fell early yesterday morning at Liverpool threatened to spoil the day, but fortunately it stopped, and the atmosphere was so mild that overcoats were unnecessary. Lord and Lady Derby brought over a big party from Knowsley, including Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord and Lady Essex, Lady Howe, Lord and Lady Wolverton, and Lord and Lady Lurgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire were present, as well as Mrs. Leo Rothschild, looking very smart, Lady Edith Villiers, and a number of racing men, including Lord Charles Montagu, Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. Arthur Coventry, Mr. W. Walsh, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. George Lambton.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Lord Lansdowne, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is again indisposed by a rather sharp attack of sciatica, which yesterday prevented his Lordship from holding the usual Diplomatic Reception. Last night he was stated to be a little better.

Lord Roberts is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected.

ON THE CONTINENT.

DAVOS, SWITZERLAND.

The winter season has now begun, and people are arriving daily. Most glorious, sunny weather is being experienced, and croquet and tennis are in full swing. Among the visitors are Lady Balfour of Burleigh, Lady Leese, Sir Edmund and Lady Hay Currie, etc. There is every indication of a most successful season.

FLORENCE.

Florence, which, next to Rome, is the most fashionable place of residence for English people in Italy, is now filling up fast. Lady Crawford and Lady Jane and Lady Mabel Lindsay have arrived at Villa Palmieri; Lady Claud Hamilton and Miss Ida Colnaghi have also returned. Sir Dominic Colnaghi, formerly British Consul at Florence, has also arrived here with his family.

Amongst other visitors to Florence are noted Lord and Lady Falkland, Mrs. Jeaffersson, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee-Hamilton. Mark Twain, or more properly speaking, Mr. Clemens, is also expected shortly at Florence. He has taken the Villa di Quarto, and has already reached Genoa.

Lady Paget has let her Villa di Bellosuardo in order to return to England. Till quite recently Sir Rennell Rodd, the First Secretary to the British Embassy in Rome, has also been staying in Florence. Now, however, he has had to return again to Rome, to take the place of the Ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie, who is staying at Naples in Lord Rosebery's villa.

ON THE RIVIERA.

The season on the Riviera promises to be a very gay one with plenty of distinguished visitors.

From Nice come rumours of a grand fancy-dress ball, which will be organised in aid of the hospital for English-speaking patients, which is now being built, and of which the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg laid the foundation-stone last May.

The Prince of Monaco is at present engaged in a scientific expedition to investigate the causes of the non-appearance of sardines this season. The absence of this fish in its usual quantities is causing great loss to the inhabitants of Monaco.

Interest centres in the Monte Carlo gambling rooms, where six new tables are being added. Sir Lewis McIver, Baron Henri de Rothschild, and Prince Murat are among the recent arrivals there.

A new electric tramway between Nice and Monte Carlo will be opened in the course of the next few days. Visitors to Nice will find this a great attraction, as the road between the two places is one of the loveliest in the Riviera. The journey occupies about an hour and a half.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

BIARRITZ.—Very fair; maximum, 69; minimum, 49.

CAIRO.—Clear; maximum, 72; minimum, 59; forecast: warm.

CANNES.—Seven hours' sunshine; maximum, 66; change expected.

NAPLES.—Five hours' sunshine; maximum, 61; barometer falling.

NICE.—Clear, sunshine; cool breeze; temperature at one, 61.

LADIES AT GOLF.

A large entry has been received for the annual meeting of the British Ladies' Golf Club, which will be held at the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrews, on November 12. There will be a medal round, with scratch and handicap prizes for the first and second divisions; and driving competitions, also for both men and women. There will be scratch and handicap awards for the two Borey competitions, the principal handicap prize being the Sandhurst Challenge Cup.

At the autumn meeting of the Chelmsford Ladies' Golf Club, the competition was won by Miss Campbell with a score of 108—24—84. For second place, Mrs. D. Evans, 91—1—92; Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, 92; scratch = 92. For the men, Mr. R. Link, 102; Miss S. Jackson, 92—1—93; Mr. C. C. Jackson, 93; scratch = 93. In the course competition, to two couples viz., Mrs. Stanley Stubbs and Miss Butler, and Miss Lightfoot and Miss G. Lightfoot, tied for first place.

At Hastings on Tuesday, the former won by 5 to 3, the following being the scores:—

H. L. and S. L.		B. R. H.	
Miss Hill	Smith	1	Miss Wall
Mrs. H.	Stewart	0	Mrs. Stewart
Miss Strong	0	0	Miss Drake
Miss Vores	0	0	Mrs. James
Miss Sartorius	0	0	Mrs. C. C. Jackson
Miss Edwards	1	1	Miss E. Rison
Mrs. Mansell	0	1	Miss E. Stewart
Miss Papillon	1	1	Miss A. de B. Scott

The November medal competition of the Bath Ladies' Golf Club has resulted in Miss H. Hayes taking the gold medal and moments with a net score of 73. Her gross score was 103; handicap 30.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

Yesterday the Columbines beat Harrow by four goals to one after a fast game, in which the winners' forwards excelled. Chiswick defeated St. Quintin's by three goals to one, also after a very fast game.

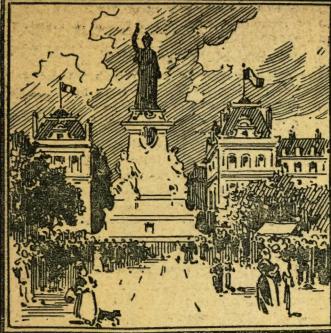
At present the ladies' games are to be playing at the Southern game, amongst the southern clubs, but it must be remembered that they have had greater opportunities for practice than any other club. Their excellent ground at Richmond is a good one, and the weather is of some importance; they have also had the advantage of some first-rate coaching.

King's College has practically unchanged, for Miss Hancock has left them and joined Wimbleton, her place has been taken by Miss MacSwiney, a former member of the club who has rejoined. It seems, however, that there will be considerable changes shortly, for several players from school elevens have been enrolled, who are likely to want places in the first team before long.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The following naval appointments are announced:—

Lieut. F. W. Kinahan to Sir Tristram, in command of the fleet at November 12; Lieut. M. M. Moore to command of the Albion, November 6; Staff-Commander P. Roberts to Hibernia, in command, for charge of charts and chronometers, at Malta, December 21.



Echoes of Les Modes.

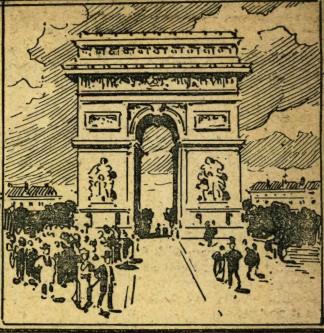
By Mrs.
JACK MAY.

that he is making hardly any. And then immediately on going out is seen, first one of the smartest dressed women in town wearing a brief skirt, and, a few paces further on, an equally well-known fair rival with quite a long tail to her frock.

A Diversity of Opinion.

The fact is, English women have at last refused to be coerced by any autocratic mandate of fashion, for they are learning to wear what becomes them best, and, as the aforesaid authority truly observed, that is *not* the short skirt. Nevertheless, there are English women with pretty feet (despite the scepticism of our French neighbours), and on this account occurs the anomaly of a luncheon party including various equally well-dressed women

very chilly arrangement the holding up of a skirt is, for it leaves the ankles covered only with a thin silk petticoat. And those who suffer from cold feet should set the charm of becomingness on one side, and at all costs wear a jupe of the trottoir species. But as for the storm of abuse which wages on and off around long skirts, it really is causeless. For every woman who walks much must observe that whereas the long skirt never gets muddy or requires a new braid, showing that it does not come in contact with the pavement, the short skirt is continually needing brushing and rebinding, for it invariably touches the ground at some point or other. Some corsetieres are now making stays in two separate portions. The upper half is lightly boned, and boasts straps over the



A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF FASHION.

THE LATEST MODES FOR MOTORISTS FROM PARIS AND ELSEWHERE.

MOTOR clothing taxes to the uttermost the ingenuity of those whose lot it is to provide wearing apparel for the pastime. So many points are essential that novelty in this range of fashion alone is obliged to take a secondary place. The exigencies of motoring are always the same, dust and wind penetration and rain, and these once provided against there is no more to be done; for it is not the least use inventing a new or smart collar which fails in the exclusion of any of these elements. What is wanted for motoring is everything eminently practical and as ornamental as the circumstances will allow.

A Leather-lined Coat.

There are some beautiful, thick, rough grey coats lined half-way with leather, that are as smart as anything that could be desired. The tan leather, erroneously called calf, turned over and forming facings to the revers, collar and cuffs. This leather, which is really the skin of the common sheep, goes through four different processes to render it waterproof, and as many as three skins in ten are spoilt during the operation, under which circumstances one is surprised to learn that a garment such as that described above may be bought for the moderate sum of thirteen guineas.

An Ulster of Loden.

Another delightful long coat is made in a very light-weighted and beautifully-soft material called "Loden." It is of a most serviceable and stylish dust colour, and is lined throughout with squirrel. A favourite new lining of pelt is chinchilla rabbit, which, as its name proclaims, is rabbit dyed in imitation of chinchilla, than which most perishable fur it wears very much better. While a yet more serviceable and ever-popular fur lining is wallaby, an evolution of the young kangaroo's coat.

New Caps and Veils.

The last materials in which the motor peaked cap has appeared are lizard and crocodile leathers, with hoods to match. The detachable hood seems to have proved somewhat of a failure, as, if buttoned, they are such a nuisance to do up, and if fastened by clips the hair is apt to get caught, the conclusion being that it is better after all to have the hood permanently secured to the cap. Many people of course find a double veil all that is necessary. One veil going loosely round the front of the hat, the other covering the back and the hair, and its long ends fastening in a bow in front.

These veils get smarter and smarter, and while some people still cling to the dust shades, others adopt very recherche chiffons in pale blue and pale pink with large black velvet spots.

A Note from Paris.

In for Strom thinks there is nothing more durable nor easier cared for, for sporting wear, than glossy brown pony-skin. The very fashionable moleskin is quite too fragile for motoring in any seriousness. This tailor, however, Swedish by birth and instincts, and therefore used to dealing with cold weather, believes that the less fur used for motoring the better. Fur is both heavy and heating. His impermeable Tyrolian loden, warm, light, and washable, and built with an immensely folded-over bias front, that needs but two buttons, one at throat, one below the waist, its back bias hanging in folds, its sleeves swelling without actual fullness into a large pouch at the elbow, to accommodate the fashionable sleeve, is made quite ideal even for very cold days, with a waistcoat made of two thicknesses of black satin, with especially prepared paper between. Scientists have not yet half exhausted the possible uses to which paper can be properly put.

The Correct Length for Skirts.

The correct length for skirts is a question which is agitating the minds of many women. The tailors flatly contradict each other on the subject, and the papers do likewise. One reads that short skirts are de rigueur, and, on consulting the principal tailoring expert of London, one is told that to English women they are quite unsuited, and



A RAVISHING FUR BOLERO.

Arranged in chinchilla, allied with ermine, the vest, shoulder empiecement, and cuffs of deep emerald-green velvet, embroidered in grey and old silver, and outlined by a narrow hem of grey cloth.

in absolutely antagonistic styles of gown. Considering that grace is one of the chief attractions of femininity, the long skirt is a thing to hold by to the last for house wear. At the same time, one is tempted to profit by the immense advantages which the short skirt has for morning peregrinations, not the least of which advantages is that it is so much warmer. It is not generally realised what a

shoulders, and is intended to support the bust after the manner of an extra strong petticoat bodice. The lower part ascends merely a couple of inches above the waist-line, and is fastened down on the hips and in front by suspenders. This style of corset is excellent for women who indulge in much active exercise, as it permits perfect freedom in the neighbourhood of the lungs.

INDIAN OUTFIT.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

SIX months in India necessitates an outfit as up to date and representative as money and taste can devise—for nowadays India is the mirror of fashion, and no one can dress too well nor be too much up to date. The days of globe-trotting are over, when two neat fashions and a few blouses comprised all that was thought needful.

But for the comfort of those whose purpose is neither very long nor elastic, the fact remains that nothing ever looks nicer, smarter, or prettier than muslins of all sorts, and that the "Dhobi," the well-dressed woman's best friend in India, though he may ruin the household and table linen, will wash and do up the smartest muslin or lace dresses until they look even better than when new.

Washing in India costs practically nothing, so that everyone can afford to have a fresh gown for any and every occasion, and nearly everywhere one sent to the wash at night will be returned in twenty-four hours, or even less if desired.

Lingerie.

A dozen at least of all kinds of under-clothes is necessary, and two or three pairs of "Goodman's" tape corsets will be found the greatest comfort. Also a dozen cholera belts, as many people owe their lives to these, since colds in India are not the familiar friends in the head as in England, but nearly always attack people internally.

Silk petticoats are to be avoided, as in a hot climate these get quickly soiled and crumpled—and white washing ones are much the best. These can be as much frilled as the wearer likes, and she can hardly have too many of them. Two or three muslin dressing gowns, a washing silk or flannel one, and one or two washing silk dainty combing jackets.

Brown boots or shoes are infinitely preferable to any others on account of the dust, and the Indian servant thoroughly understands how to make brown shoes look their best, while he has a great detestation for black boots.

Tailor-made Gowns.

In addition to the many muslin frocks already mentioned, two very smart cloth tailor-made gowns, one or two white cloth or canvas coats and skirts and a blue serape will be found necessary. Several cool skirts in canvas or alpaca, and at least two dozen washing silk or muslin and lace blouses, made in every novel design imaginable.

For afternoon wear and for all the many race meetings and polo matches and Gymkhana, four or five smartest season gowns will be required. Those in soft silks and satins, voile, or mousseline de laine are very much the same kind of gown as is worn at Ascot or Auteuil. A warm travelling coat, a cape of some sort, and a smart dust cloak will complete what is absolutely necessary for day wear, with of course a riding habit, which is preferable made in a dust-coloured cloth, and two white lining coats and two muslin ones will be found a comfort.

Hats should be large and shady, and very gay and summery with flowers, chiffon, and ribbon.

Evening Gowns and Uniforms.

In choosing evening gowns it must be remembered that at the balls and dances most of the men are in uniform and that many wear spurs, therefore flimsy dresses and many fur-bows and pouffes should be avoided, also care taken to avoid colours that will clash with the scarlet tunics. Balls in India are very smart, the vice-regal set showing the way in this matter, and six or seven of the most exquisite creations that the modiste can turn out will be found none too many for a six months' residence.

One or two simpler dinner gowns and demi-toilette transparencies for smaller parties or when staying at hotels, and of course a smart long evening wrap.

Ordinary dress baskets travel well and are far preferable to the old-fashioned tin-lined box. Gloves keep perfectly rolled in oiled paper, and a wrinkle that it is perhaps well to know is that all collars and wrist bands should be made as loose as possible, for tight throats are impossible in India.

The "Daily Mirror's" Bridge Tournament.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OFFERED.

A Competition for Beginners and for Experts.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On this page you will find an ordinary Bridge hand, dealt at random. You need not puzzle your brains about the correct declaration. You are told that the dealer makes it no-trumps.

The hand is not a difficult combination of cards artfully arranged to perplex and entrap you; it is an ordinary hand such as you will come across every time you sit down to play a friendly rubber. You need not be afraid that you will be unable to play the cards because you are not an expert.

This is not a competition for experts only, but for beginners and average players as well.

It is a competition specially adapted for ladies and others who are fond of the game, but who do not profess to be "scientific." Science is not everything. Common sense and general intelligence reap their due reward at the Bridge-table, as in other positions of life.

NO MEMORY NEEDED.

The Princess Duleep Singh has recently remarked in this paper that women do not generally play as well as men because their memories are not so good. Our Bridge Tournament imposes no strain whatever on the memory. Take a pack of cards and set them out as you will find them distributed in the diagram.

Then play the hand through the best way you can, always remembering that the cards are supposed to fall as in actual play, and that no player sees all the four hands, each one knowing merely his own cards, the cards of Dummy, and the cards that have previously been played.

Now, if you were playing a real game you might forget some of the cards previously played, and so be led into making mistakes.

This cannot happen in playing the hand given below. If you have forgotten how any of the cards fell, turn up the tricks and refresh your memory. (You will soon find that this practice will be of wonderful assistance in improving your style of game.)

NO LOSSES POSSIBLE.

We have all heard of the large sums of money that are said to have been lost and won at Bridge. Playing Bridge in our

Tournament is a game of "heads you win, tails we lose." You stand a very good chance of gaining a substantial sum of money, and you cannot lose anything at all except the

merely nominal sum which every competitor subscribes as entrance-fee.

THE CASH PRIZES.

Every reader who wishes to join in the Tournament must send us full name and address (not for publication unless desired), the nom de guerre (if any) which it is intended to assume, a copy of the card-diagram on this page (which must be cut from the paper) and a postal order for one shilling.

All the entrance-fees so subscribed will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

This sum and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into one lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitor who sends in the best set of

answers to the complete set of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided.

NO LONG WAITING.

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made. The Tournament will close within

ONE MONTH FROM TO-DAY; and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

RULES OF COMPETITION.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagram printed below, sign it at foot with full name and address, add the nom de guerre or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagram to the reply, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

There will only be one such entrance-fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament. Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitor's replies.

2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance-fee.

3. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "Daily Mirror Bridge Tournament." No communication whatever relating to other matters must under any circumstances be enclosed; not even queries on points of Bridge play, etc., which must invariably be sent under separate cover.

4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt, the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

5. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

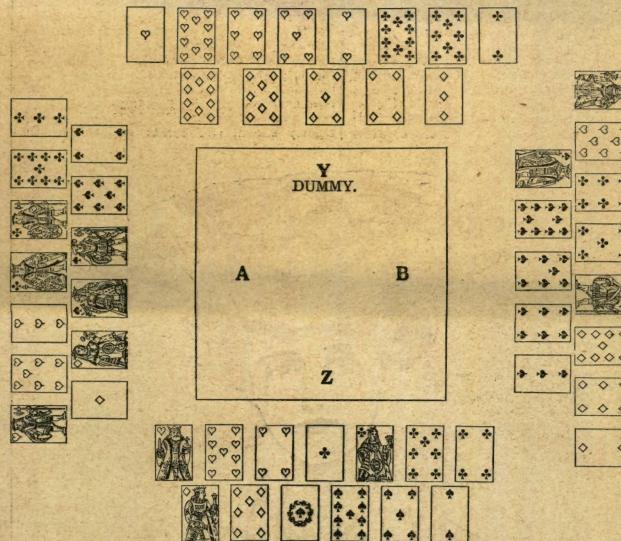
The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solution, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible, each one being written on a sheet of note-paper.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

Ernest Berghoff.

QUESTION No. I.



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares No Trumps. A leads ♣ 3.

Give what you consider would be the best play of the above hand if it were dealt in the ordinary course of play. The cards do not to be held of all four hands were known, but just according to the usual rules of Bridge. Dummy (Y) hand being the only hand face upwards on the table. State legibly at the head of your reply what number of tricks you claim for Y and Z.

Name.....

Nom de Guerre

Address.....

or
Initials.....

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The same shape, shorter, at proportionately lower prices, from 53/6 to 8½ Guineas.

FLAT SHAPED MUFFS to match from ... 5½ to 9½ Guineas.

HAT, as illustration, in Crème Fluffy Beaver, with Emerald Chenille Appliqués and large Brush Osprey, Price 59/6

FINEST SILVERED FOX NECKLETS, with Naturalised Head and Brush, 1½ and 2 yards long. Prices 49/6, 59/6, 69/6, 89/6, 5½, 6½ to 8½ Guineas. Also in White Fox at same prices.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., Regent St., London, W.



Are you ready for Winter?

Perhaps you have to be out in all weathers, and are not over-careful about keeping your feet dry; then the damp and fog seem to take hold of you. Your cold or cough is serious or not, according to how or when you treat it! Thirty drops of

Turner's Tamarind Emulsion

on lump sugar will effectually check and cure a cough or cold. A pleasant remedy of great value—popular because it always does its good work. Buy a bottle to-day. Ask your Chemist to supply you, or send 1/1½ to The Harvey-Turner Co., Ltd., 2 & 4 Tudor Street, London, E.C. Warehouse and Laboratory, Borough, S.E.



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Always wear 3 to 4 months.

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CARTER'S.

27, ESSEX STREET,
STRAND.

Gowns, Coiffeurs, Cravats, and To-day's Shopping.

COMING-OUT GOWNS.

A RETURN TO THE EARLY VICTORIAN STYLES.

THERE are two important occasions in a young girl's life when she most wishes to look her best, one is her coming-out dress, the other her wedding day, and yet the gowns for both of these events so often prove a failure. Perhaps it is because of all frocks it is most difficult to make a white one look really smart. And perhaps, too, because that most important rule of success in all art, simplicity, is here most frequently forgotten where it is most needed. For in good dressing suitability is a first and absolutely indispensable consideration, before even becomingness and general stylishness. But all these desiderata can be obtained, including also that, to many people, most essential provision economy.

A Debutante's Gown.

Our first suggestion is for a dainty little gown suggestive of the early Victorian style, to which we seem to be returning. It is composed of ivory taffetas, and boasts a skirt formed of three deep flounces, one put straight on to the edge of the other, and not mounted on the foundation. The tight-fitting bodice has a deep point in front, and the silk is gauged over the bust in a Zouave effect. Very finely gathered chiffon edged with narrow lace forms a fascinating chemisette, and also the upper part of the sleeves, from which deep draperies of chiffon fall over the elbow, hiding what is so often in a young girl in more senses than one a "weak point."

A Frock of Ninon.

The new materials introduced of late years have made it far more possible than it was of yore to evolve an inexpensive evening frock. In fact, the white muslin of our grandmothers under various French names and generally with some silk in its composition

guinea Paris models in this soft material with elaborately-flounced and lace-trimmed skirts for three and a half guineas. And as only one replica is made in each colour there is no fear of meeting one's double, which is the great objection to box gowns as a rule.

Underslips.

The question of underslips is always a wearying one to the economical mind, but there is no getting out of a silk lining if

THE CULT OF THE CRAVAT.

The cravat of linen, silk, or lawn, embroidered in divers quaint and pleasing devices, is indispensable for the completion of the well-dressed woman's street toilette.

At a well-known school of embroidery in the West End the resources of the establishment are being taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the demand for these enticing trifles.

linen, embroidered in flax thread of the same fuscile tint. This is built with a close turned-down collar and little clerical cravats. Then, among the novelties in collars, apart from cravats, to be immediately chronicled, is one of whipcord muslin, a fabric at once filmy and firm, and in every way desirable. A three-tier collar is eminently original, and leaves nothing to be desired.

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A WELL-CUT CORSET.

One of the many reasons why dress has improved so much of late years in England is that English women have at last grasped the vital importance of the corset. It is, indeed, the initial element towards good dressing, and everybody is nowadays as eager to discover a good corsetière as she is to find a clever milliner and a smart dressmaker. Mesdames Hancock and James, 8, Grafton-street, W., have already made a great specialty in this direction, having introduced some very original and well-designed models, including in particular the "Grafton," one of the most successful straight-front French corsets to be had.

To the sporting girl the new "Empire" corset will make special appeal; it is an example of the ribbon make, very low in the bust and short on the hips, excellent for riding, fencing, or any sport. While a real boon to the woman who through illness has lost her figure will prove the "Restoring" corset. This last is really a combination of belt and corset, and has the consequent most desirable result of doing away with unnecessary thickness of material. And quite the latest design, entitled the "Mignon," is cut very low in the bust in front, but wisely planned to slope up high at the sides so that the figure is kept nicely in place; and another important particular of this delightful corset is the depth to which it is cut over the hips, an immense advantage for figures inclining to empionpoint.



LE DERNIER CRI IN COIFFURE.

Crowning the group is one of the best approved draped toupees, very softly and deftly disposed, with the suggestion of a parting at the right side, above which comes an upstanding spray of convolvuli in gold and white, which has a long, aneanding loop and end of pale blue velvet at the other.

To the left is a high dressing, encircled by a jewelled bandeau, and completed by a short, full, black ostrich, set up erect immediately in the centre part. While to the right is disposed the very last note of decorative detail, in the shape of a sweeping parrot plume, secured by a petal rosette of velvet. With fair tresses, a black plume and emerald-green velvet rosette would make a persuasive triple alliance.

has been re-discovered by this generation to be one of the most becoming things to be had. A charming frock of this material is princess in design, the material gathered very closely for some depth above and below the waist line, a mode which has an admirably youthful effect. The very full skirt is treated with bouillonnées (little puffs) of the muslin arranged scroll-wise. The short sleeves are also gauged and finished with deep pointed pieces of Malines lace, which lace is draped under the arms, and in a bib shape across the front of the bodice. Softening the neck line are a few folds of white tulle. As this mouseline may be bought as low as 1s. 1d. the yard, such a dainty confection may be attained for quite a moderate outlay.

A Fascinating Idea.

Another fascinating frock may be made of cream mouseline with a skirt of three deep flounces edged and decorated in scrolls or waved lines with tiny pink ruches of taffetas silk. While to the home worker, who would probably shirk some of the labour entailed by the present elaboration, the made-up skirts of voile de soie will appeal. One house is selling exact copies of twelve-

smartness and any comfort in dancing is desired. The silk foundation, moreover, must on no account be skimped, but made so as to insure the outflowing crinoline effect which obtains at present. In the case of the taffetas dress it would be permissible to have the upper part made of batiste with a much befrilled flounce, but the all-silk slip is an invaluable possession, since it will serve its purpose for a couple or more gowns.

The Return of Satin.

Satin has been "out" for so long that those who appreciate its exquisite effect and splendid wearing properties will welcome its return. Really, though expensive in the beginning, it makes the most economical of all gowns; for it will clean and re-clean, and finally finish its days as an underslip. For a coming-out frock nothing could excel one of the new soft, white satins. Made with a simple full skirt, gathered into the waist, it has no longer the rather matronly appearance it bore in the form of a tight-fitted skirt. It should always, however, be remembered that a shiny surface accentuates the figure, and the girl who fancies herself too stout should avoid its fascinations. We will give later a new design for a satin gown.

The thrifty-souled needlewoman may, at a very small expense of time and trouble, embroider these for herself, but the lady of fashion nowadays has little inclination and less leisure for such employment, and for her benefit busy hands are at work producing a bewildering array of these whims, carried out in every conceivable colour and stitch, and designed for the most part from models emanating from Parisian ateliers. The simple turnover of American sympathies throws into the shade more imposing affairs, which almost cover the collar band at the back and sides and in front, and unite in one or two ends reminiscent in their length of the band tabs which flutter under the chin of the bewigged and bejewelled barrister, but crenellated, battlemented, and serrated in defiance of all the laws of heraldry at hand in most wonderful fashion.

A neutral-tinted foundation of linen, silk, or muslin provides the most effective background for curiously-wrought embroideries in silk of gaudy eastern dyes; cravats of coloured linen are usually worked in one or two harmonious shades, and the ever admirable magpie scheme is as successful as any.

Quite one of the most successful and practical models is arranged in very coarse crash

BARGAINS OF THE DAY.

An exceedingly well cut and good wearing satin shawl in a long range of colours is being sold by the London Shoe Company, 116-117, New Bond-street, for 4s. 1d.

Down quilts and blankets at Peter Robinson's, Oxford-street, the down quilts ranging from 7s. 1d. are really bargains.

To be quickly secured from the London Glove Company, New Bond-street, silk umbrellas, with smart effective handles, from 5s. 1d.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. Where the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XII.

Continued.

FROM the window there was an enormous bird's-eye view of London, somewhat depressing, a wilderness of roofs, with a veil of smoke hanging between them and the blue of the cloudless sky. Gratefully as an oasis in the desert were the green trees shadowing the still, cool water in St. James's Park just below.

The Colonel felt a sudden impulse of curiosity as to the personality of the woman who had succeeded in subjugating a coarse-minded, self-indulgent man like Lewis Detmold into surrendering his liberty. It was an unusual thing to ask a stranger to call upon her for the first time in this bare and dismantled place. There was no hint to guide him, no evidence of her tastes and inclinations, such as he might have found in a furnished room. There was only one single touch of feminine luxury here, a couple of huge white satin cushions, embroidered with large gold birds, which were placed one in each wicker chair.

The door opened, and, for once, his impatience broke down under a sudden shock of overwhelming surprise. For a moment he stood and stared in speechless amazement at the woman who came into the room.

She was a tall woman, slight, but of commanding presence. It was quite impossible to tell her age; but she looked as if she had left her youth behind many years ago. Her face had no doubt been beautiful; but it was more remarkable now for a conquering charm that could not be described in words. She had dark hair and a very white skin, and her eyes were the color of dark pansies. Her face was very much lined, especially around the large, beautiful, generous mouth; and she looked as if she were far from strong.

She was dressed all in black in perfect taste, with the severity suitable to a journey; a bag of black *Suede* hung at her waist; and a black gauze veil, tied loosely round her hat, and thrown back, fluttered round her face, making it's pallor appear more startling by contrast.

Perhaps some of that pallor was due to emotion. She looked at Paul Joscelyn with an anxiety not untinged with sadness in her deep eyes. Then seeing his wonder fade into that instant immobility, she came forward, holding out her hand.

"Why did you play this trick on me?" he asked, grasping it and shaking it warmly.

"I did not mean it for a trick," she answered. Her voice had none of the emotional quality one might have expected from the promise of her face. It was an ordinary voice of medium pitch, quiet and cultured, but in no way remarkable. "I did not know," she added, "that you had not forgotten me."

"You might have known it," he said, gravely. "I have always wished that I might meet you again, and that you might want me to do something for you."

"That is like you." She smiled, and the Colonel turned his head away, with a start of something like pain. For, when she smiled, she was young again, the woman of ten years ago. It was a conscious smile; that is, she must have practised it in her youth, but it was a habit now. It was like a flash of sunlight on a winter day; like a cool rain in parched, tropical heat; like anything that one ardently desires and suddenly obtains. It was so beautiful that it left a sense of gain. It was seductive, without a trace of coquetry; and brilliant, while it held a hint of sadness. In days when men's blood ran hotly it might have raised her to a throne. As it was, it had placed her on an eminence more shameful, until, of her own free will, she had stepped down from it.

"Besides," she added, "I had feared that if I explained who I was, you might hesitate to route painful memories by coming to see me."

"I have told you," he said, "I have often wanted to see you again." The rigid immovability of his face was disturbed this time by a gleam of welcome in his light eyes.

"You over-rate the little I was able to do," she murmured, with a glance of delicate compassion.

"I could not over-rate it." His voice was very low. "Yours was the only hand held out to save him."

She looked at him with incredulous eyes.

"I ought not to have spoken. But I had no idea you still felt it—so much. After ten years! Such constancy is rare. You have not forgotten him?"

She added the question insistently, as if urged to by a force that she could not resist.

"No." The word seemed dragged from the man's lips. It was not easy to speak of a thing buried for ten years in his heart.

"And have you never regretted that you killed Detmold like a dog?"

"No."

"I admired you." Her voice was muffled, as if under the weight of these painful memories. "It was better than a slower revenge, which a more cunning mind might have taken. I used to think I should like to rob him day by day, week by week, year by year, of everything he possessed, friends, money, health—and then to watch him starve.

But your way was the best—when a man is an infamous monster it is better he be put out of the way."

Her words brought Paul Joscelyn back with a start into the present. He remembered that he was in the presence of the betrothed wife of Lewis Detmold, and he wondered what she could say if she knew how he had died!

"Don't talk of my brother," he said, abruptly. "I have not spoken his name, or heard it, for ten years!"

"Mon Dieu!" she said, with a gesture of contrition, "I had not meant to—but when I saw you, it all came back so vividly. And perhaps, if you have carried this sorrow locked up in your heart for ten years, it will do you good to speak."

"It will do me good," he said, still speaking slowly and with difficulty, but with perfect self-control, "to ease my mind of some of this heavy burden of gratitude that I have felt, and always shall feel, towards you. At the time I acted like a cad; I—"

"Ah, mon Dieu," she put in, with one of her easy foreign gestures, "you clasped me with—les autres? It was natural."

"When I found out my mistake," he went on, "when I was told that you alone in all that company of men and women had had heart and mind enough to see that the boy were better killed outright than have his whole life poisoned by that odious and deliberate example, and that you had generously and mercifully tried to point out his danger to him, then I was so ashamed that I dare not seek you out, and so I tried to express my repentance and my gratitude in a letter."

"It touched me more," she said, "than any letter I have ever received. Ah, you may imagine," she added, not without a touch of bitterness, "that there was a fine cry raised when they learned that such a woman as I had tried to talk seriously to him—poor boy!—and warn him against Petronoff. And when you refused my sympathy so roughly I began to think that they were right, that I had been a fool! But when your letter came, and I saw that you understood, that set me right with myself. I had felt it very much," she murmured, as if to herself. "There were nights when I couldn't sleep for thinking of it, for hating Petronoff. Ah, mon Dieu, the pity of it!"

There was a short silence. The woman moved one of the wicker chairs nearer to the window, and seated herself in the full blaze of the sunlight that searched out and pitilessly exhibited every line on her pale face, so worn, and yet so young, with the eternal youth of a nature that feels keenly, and reasons clearly, and thinks deeply, and knows neither hesitation nor fear.

"I have not apologised," she said, with a wave of her hand designating the bare apartment, with its uncovered floor and half-peeled walls.

The Colonel made a gesture of deprecation, and she continued: "I have rented this flat from a former tenant, who finally moved out only last week. I am going to Paris to get my furniture over. I have been living at my club. It would have been more polite to ask you there, but in a woman's club it is so difficult to find a quiet corner where one can talk without interruption."

She named the most exclusive woman's club in London, and looked at him shrewdly and half mockingly from under her full, white eyelids, as if watching for him to display astonishment. But there was not the slightest change of expression on his face.

"You are going to live in London?" he asked.

"Yes; at least for a time. I am never certain of my movements. For ten years I have roamed about the Continent, and I am not likely to settle down."

"You have been travelling? That is why I have never met you again; never heard of you."

"You would not be likely to; you had only met me among my—old friends. But I saw you once."

"When?"

"When you came through Cairo after Omdurman. I was staying in the same hotel."

"Why did you not allow me the pleasure of knowing it?"

"Ah, well, I did not want to revive sad memories at a time so full of glory and honour for you. And, perhaps, I was a little too proud to thrust myself on you in a public place. Such acquaintances as ours, you know, a man has the right to disown." Again a bitter ring hardened her quiet voice. "Besides," she added carelessly, "I did not know you well. I had met you five or six times, at riotous supper parties, when all the time your attention was fixed on getting your brother away without seeming to coerce him. *Ce n'est pas grand chose.*"

"Do not speak like that, Madame," he said. "I should have been proud if you had given me the chance to renew that acquaintance, begun, on my side, with a grave injustice." Whether it was merely courtesy, or whether he meant it, it would have been impossible to say.

"But enough of the past," she exclaimed suddenly, without acknowledging his gravely flattering remark. "It was to speak of Lewis Detmold that I asked you to come here. You did not recognise me from my letter, of course?"

"How should I?"

"It is my real name, for all that. I am Helen Lorison. The name you knew me by in Paris was false. My husband was Roland Lorison. He died and left me penniless before I was nineteen."

"And you were going to marry Detmold?"

"I did not catch him by a trick," she said hurriedly, while a faint tinge of colour rose and fell for a moment in her cheeks. He knew my history—what my life had been."

"Forgive me," rejoined the man eagerly, with a ring of genuine concern in his voice. "We have a trick of thinking the most natural things in the world so strange as to be almost impossible, just because we did not expect them."

"Yes, I was going to marry him. I did not want to; but he badgered me into it."

He looked surprised for a moment, and then fell in with her candid mood. "Wasn't that rather weak?"

"Of course it was. But, *que voulez-vous?* He was good to me, and very faithful, and enormously rich. I had been poor—comparatively poor, for ten years, and luxury is the breath of life to me." She shrugged her shoulders. He understood that it was these easy, graceful gestures of her head and hands, and the perfect harmony between her person and her clothes, that had made his male friends describe Lewis Detmold's fiancée as more French than English.

"Then you do not regret him?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"Then all that is pure orthodoxy?" He signified with a look that he referred to her black clothes.

"Not in the least," she answered, with a little laugh, that had none of the magic of her smile. "It is a slight return for a solid two thousand pounds a year."

He looked at her with a quiet smile. "You still talk like that? You will keep up the same pose?"

"Just as much as you still go about the world with the reputation of an ogre, of a heartless Don Juan, *Monsieur le Colonel*," she answered, with calm friendliness. "These are things of habit. I feel a great gratitude to Lewis Detmold's memory. It is pleasant to have a settled income. For years I have been living on an ever-decreasing capital. I am a little tired of travelling, and I have left off pretending to be young. I shall soon be forty-one, and my mirror gives the lie to my birth certificate, for I look ten years older."

"I think you are one of those women, madame," he said, "who are always old and always young, and who have no age at all. If Cleopatra were to come back to earth, would anyone call her because she was more than two thousand years old?"

Her eyes swept his face with a swift and steady glance; then she laughed, but without mirth. "What strange things you say, Colonel Joscelyn! Is that a compliment or not, I wonder?"

But how these ten years had ravaged her face! As he looked at her he could hardly believe it was the same woman—brilliant, careless, imperious, dominantly alive—who had ruled in slavery over that band of pleasure-seekers; slaves, too, of that will-o'-the-wisp goddess, of whom they never caught but a glimpse before she danced on again; with whom he had consorted once or twice in the splendid, gilded palace of the Russian Prince. He could not fathom the strange charm that her face had gained, while it lost its youth; but it seemed to him that it had some of the fascination of a battlefield, on which one gazes with awed eyes and sees the traces of fierce fighting and dreams of the glory of victory and the bitterness of defeat.

"But I am heartless," she exclaimed dryly. "I should not laugh when my mind is fixed on such a tragedy. I want to ask you about Lewis Detmold. I want to ask you how he died."

CHAPTER XIII.

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SCOTCH PLAID SILK VELVETS, 8 various clars, 1/4d per yard; were 5/6

HANDBEDDING SILK VELVETEENS, about 150 various designs and colourings, a charming show of these goods, all at one price, 1/1d per yard; many of them were 4/6

PANNE VELVETEENS, in Art colourings, in Cream, in the shades, with raised hair stripes, very cheap, 1/2d per yard; were 2/6,
VELVETEENS FOR THE AUTUMN, in the same shades, 24s, 1/2d per yard; were 2/6
24s, 1/2d, 50 shades, 1/2d; and 1/1d per yard we stock 1/1
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Continued from Page 13.

I was very much shocked, and it is not out of idle curiosity that I ask. I thought that to me, the woman who was going to be his wife, you might tell more than you thought it necessary to say to the world."

"Believe me," he answered gravely, "if there were anything I could tell you, I should consider it your right to know."

"Then it is really as great a mystery to you as it is to me."

"Quite as great."

"Then is it inexplicable?" she cried.

"Not so much on that account. You have been candid with me on the subject of your feelings towards Detmold. I will be as frank, if you will allow me. I cannot say that I was his friend; there was little real sympathy between us. You know, two years ago, he saved my life at the risk of his own, and so made me his debtor to an extent I could never repay. He took an unaccountable fancy to me—I say that because our natures were almost in every way quite antipathetic. He frequently came and stayed at Torhampton, where I am stationed, and when I was in London he was always in and out of my rooms. I must confess that his preference was a mystery to me."

"He used to talk about you to me by the hour together," Mrs. Lorison said. "I used to think it the redeeming point in his nature that he could entertain such a seemingly disinterested affection for anyone."

"But he hardly ever spoke to me about you, Mrs. Lorison. That was the difference, you see. I never invited his confidence, and although he was so much with me, he was never quite at his ease. Therefore, it was not so natural as you have imagined that he should confide in me that he meant to take his life. I should have thought, on the contrary, that you would know more about his state of mind."

"If it depends on my knowledge of him, Colonel Joscelyn, the mystery will never be solved," she said, soberly. "The day before I had a letter from him—I was in Paris—and it was the brightest and most cheerful I had ever received; and he referred to our wedding, and to the big house he was planning to build at Newmarket, and to a diamond necklace that he was having set for me as a wedding present, made of the finest stones that his company's mines had produced for the last ten years. He seemed perfectly happy when I saw him a week before that. I remember his telling me that there was not a cloud on his horizon. After all, why should there have been? He wanted nothing but what his money could buy him. Or, who knows?" she added, with one of her swift changes of expression, that reflected a host of conflicting thoughts crossing her mind, "perhaps I misjudge him; perhaps he did want something else, some unpurchaseable and incorruptible treasure? Perhaps there was something deep down in him that he hid from me as successfully as he

did from the rest of the world. I am sorry I shall never know why he died. I am sure the thought of it will make me uneasy and morbid at times, for, after all, he was very good to me, according to his lights, and gave me all the things that I wanted in exchange for nothing at all. It is horrible to think of a man killing himself without knowing anything at all of the motives of sorrow, or remorse, or fear that drove him to it."

All the while she spoke in that quiet, well-bred, unemotional voice of hers, he was looking out of the window at the vast panorama of London, grey even in the June sunshine. It was embarrassing; but he thanked Heaven that the woman had not cared for the man. As to himself, he had grown into the habit of discussing and hearing Detmold's death discussed as suicide; and, even out of a delicate thoughtfulness for Martia Chesney, he was schooling his mind to think of it as such. But here, in the presence of the dead man's fiancée, this quiet-mannered woman, with her strange look of neither youth nor age, the memory of the swift and violent tragedy came back to him with startling vividness. He realised that this woman, were the truth known, would be the chief judge of Martia Chesney's action, for she by the man's death had lost the most. And for a moment he wondered curiously how she would receive it, whether with shocked horror, or with her usual cynical pose, or whether, as a woman whose good heart he had had the opportunity of testing, she would understand.

Then, in swift reaction rose up the man's inexorable judgment of woman, inherent even in the most enlightened through all ages, as he realised with distaste that he had coupled this woman and Martia Chesney in his thoughts, and imagined for a moment Helen Lorison, with her battle-lined face, strong with the dear-bought strength of knowledge, sitting in judgment on that white-souled, heroic creature, who would pass with Una's purity through the dark places of the earth, who had for her shield and buckler the invulnerable steel of her absorbing love, who, for love's sake, had risked her fair name, and no doubt in her own eyes imperilled her soul's salvation.

They were women of two worlds; and although he pitied this one and admired her, and respected her, too, because she was one of those very few who had risen superior to circumstance, and although he would chivalrously defend her against the world if necessary, and hold himself her debtor, because of that unheeded word of warning with which she had tried to stay his brother's rapid progress on the path that had led him to a self-sought death; still it was the other woman to whom he gave fealty, to whom his service was due, for whose sake he would deceive the whole world, since, through his unexampled and unmanly folly, her beautiful young life had been shadowed with an everlasting regret.

This involuntary comparison even he despised himself for making, so great was his veneration for the unsullied purity of Martia Chesney's soul. But it made him realise that it was something surprising that Mrs. Morrison had said, when she informed him that she was a member of the most select of women's clubs, and that she meant to take up her residence in London. Did it mean that she almost alone had found the key that opens the gates of society to a woman on whom society itself has laid its most irrevocable ban? True, as Lewis Detmold's wife, the world would have welcomed her, but, without his millions, on her own merits, with her past history a closed book, without some strong support, some powerful friend? No, that was impossible! He was filled with chivalrous concern lest she should experience some humiliating rebuffs, if she really attempted, single-handed, to storm that stronghold, so cruelly well fortified against any such audacious attacks. But he did not know how to express this feeling, how to warn her without venturing on ground too uncertain for his unaccustomed feet.

But, as she rose from her chair, after the silence that had followed her sober words of genuine, though unemotional, regret that Lewis Detmold should have come to such a very mysterious end, intimating thus that, as he could tell her nothing, she would no longer detain him, she said something that astonished him still more, while it showed him whence she had obtained her key to the gates of the world that, poor and unknown, would have hooted her out of its precincts, sacred in name to the goddess of Respectability.

"I hope we shall meet again, Colonel Joscelyn. I think we have some mutual friends."

"That would indeed be my good fortune, Mrs. Lorison," he answered, somewhat perplexed as to whom she could be speaking of. "Lady Tyneside," she went on calmly, "has kindly offered to be my sponsor in the social world. She—she has been immensely good to me."

Paul Joscelyn was struck dumb. In some ways his mind was not very agile, and he could not follow in imagination the simple chain of events that had led to this seemingly impossible result. The Countess of Tyneside, an elderly woman of great attainments, was one of the most exclusive hostesses in London. Her invitations were as much sought after as those to any great house in the land. Indeed, she and her daughter, Lady Leicester, were generally looked upon as the last outposts which a nouveau riche had to storm before reaching the social citadel of his ardent desire. Mrs. Lorison's announcement was the more surprising in that it was only during the last weeks of his life that Lewis Detmold had managed to be numbered amongst her guests at a very large reception.

To be Continued To-morrow.

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"WON'T YOU?"

Do you remember when you heard
My lips breathe love's first faltering
word?

You do, sweet—don't you?
When having wandered all the day,
Linked arm in arm, I dared to say,

"You'll love me—won't you?"

And when you blushed, and could not
speak,

I fondly kissed your glowing cheek;

Did that affront you?

Oh, surely not; your eye express

No wrath—but said, perhaps in jest,

"You'll love me—won't you?"

I'm sure my eyes replied, "I will";

And you believe that promise still;

You do, sweet—don't you?

Yes, yes! when age has made our
eyes

Upfit for questions or replies,

You'll love me—won't you?

—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

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BOARD RESIDENCE in sunny Bognor: terms very moderate.—Haslemere, Norfolk-square, Bognor.

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BREAKFAST Delicacies.—George Young and Sons, Limited, Teignmouth, Devonshire, offer, rate paid, 46s. side of their many mild, choice, and choice, 10s. 6d. box; choice Dorset salted butter at 1s. 1d. per lb.

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